

Improvement Era

VOL. 24 No. 11

SEPTEMBER, 1921



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE
SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER
DAY SAINTS



PUBLISHED MONTHLY
BY THE GENERAL BOARD
Y.M.I.A., SALT LAKE
CITY, UTAH.

It Hinges on You

Will you protect yourself against loss from fire or will you take chances that may mean financial ruin?

A fire policy protects you against financial loss from fire. It assures you prompt settlement of all just claims.

Over thirty-four years of service

UTAH HOME FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

HEBER J. GRANT & CO., General Agents
22 Main Street
Salt Lake City, Utah

When you buy a De Vry Motion Picture Projector or Stereopticon for your Ward House you know you have the best.

W. H. Shurtliff Company

514-15 Clift Building

Latter-day Saints Garments

APPROVED CORRECT PATTERN

Prepaid Parcel Post to any part of the United States if paid in advance, 20c extra on each garment to Canada or Mexico.

These Approved Temple Garments are knitted and made right here in our own Utah factory, to your special order and measurements. Lowest prices on market. Mail your order to us now and say you saw it in the "Improvement Era." If order is C. O. D. you pay the postage.

LOOK FOR THE APPROVED LABEL IN EVERY GARMENT

No.	Price
4 Light summer weight bleached.....	\$1.40
11 Light weight cotton.....	1.50
20 Light weight cotton bleached.....	1.75
60 Medium weight cotton.....	1.75
22 Medium weight cotton bleached.....	2.00
90 Heavy weight cotton unbleached.....	2.25
24 Heavy weight cotton bleached.....	2.50
50 Extra white double bleached, mercerized.....	3.00
10 Medium weight wool mixture.....	3.00
16 Heavy weight wool mixture.....	4.00
70 Snow white Silkileen.....	3.40
18 All Merino Wool.....	5.50

Sizes from 22 to 44 bust, 52 to 64 length, as desired. Longer than 64 inches or over 44 in. bust, each size 20c extra. Garments with double backs 25c extra per suit. We will make any size desired.

Measure bust around body under arms; length from center on top of shoulder down to inside of ankle. Orders for less than two garments not accepted.

We manufacture sweater coats, Jersey goods and underwear, also flannel shirts and Mackinaw coats.

MODEL KNITTING WORKS

FRANKLYN CHRISTIANSON, Manager
657 Iverson St., Salt Lake City, Utah

Phone Hy. 516

Pioneer View

"This is the place!" So exclaimed Brigham Young when, on the wonderful 24th of July, 1847, he beheld the glorious panorama of the Salt Lake Valley from a point in the mouth of Emigration Canyon from which the Pioneers emerged from the mountains to rest their feet upon the soil of their future home. On the day following that date, July 25, 1921, seventy-four years later, the Y. M. M. I. A., an organization founded, June, 1875, by the great pioneer, celebrated the event by the unveiling of a monument, with appropriate exercises, on the exact spot where the famous declaration was made.

In the absence of President Heber J. Grant, who was out of the state, Elder Preston Nibley, chairman of the committee having the celebration in charge, unveiled the monument.

President Anthony W. Ivins, General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., presided. He said in speaking to the great assembly of over 2,000 people, who were present, and in christening the location:

"In order that this spot may be preserved and that we may not forget the divine faith and prophetic vision which led these pioneers to journey into the wilderness in search of a resting place, we now dedicate this monument and name this place 'Pioneer View.' We hope that at some time in the future this small monument may be replaced with one more imposing in size, and that these grounds, now in a primitive state, may be cultivated and beautified as they should be."

Colonel Willard Young, son of President Brigham Young, gave the invocation and Robert Sweeten, of Holbrook, Idaho, a pioneer of 1847, pronounced the benediction. Edward P. Kimball directed the singing of hymns, and the Boy Scout band gave old pioneer musical numbers. The songs and the memories of the early days brought many to tears.

Elder W. W. Riter, who was nine years of age when he with his parents followed Brigham Young into the valley, was present and was made the authority, confirmed by Alma Eldredge, another pioneer of 1847, for the correct placing of the monument marking the spot.

The oration by B. H. Roberts, and the speeches in full are printed in this number of the *Era*. The songs sung were, "Come, come, ye Saints," "O ye mountains high," and "Come, let us anew."—A.



"This is the Place"—Brigham Young, July 24, 1847

Photograph of the monument erected by the Y. M. M. I. A., July 25, 1921, at a spot in the mouth of Emigration Canyon, which was named on the time Pioneer View.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXIV

SEPTEMBER, 1921

No. 11

Monument at Pioneer View*

Celebration of the 24th of July by the Y. M. M. I. A., at the
Mouth of Emigration Canyon

By President B. H. Roberts, of the First Council of Seventy

Seventy-four years ago yesterday (July 24, 1921) an incident occurred on or near the spot where we now stand that is destined to live in the memory of men through the ages to come. At the time this incident occurred little was thought of it. It was quite natural that it should happen just as it did. It fitted into the day's work completely, and many years elapsed before men began to sense the significance of it. It is that way with so many of History's most important incidents—it requires time to unfold their full import. Before giving an account of the incident itself, let us see if we can get something of the atmosphere of it.

It will not be necessary to tell the story of the people among whose leaders the incident referred to happened. That is well known to you and to History. It will be sufficient to say that on their expulsion from Nauvoo, Ill., they began their westward movement that finally terminated in their settling in the Salt Lake valley, and other valleys of what we now call Utah. This western movement was headed by a special band of pioneers, less than one hundred and fifty in number, but augmented on the journey by additions at Fort Laramie from a company of Saints who had wintered at Pueblo, usually called the Mississippi Saints, because they had come from the state of that name, and also by a small number from the Pueblo detachment of the invalided "Mormon" battalion, who overtook the pioneers at Green River on July 4.

*Delivered at the dedication of the monument at Pioneer View, July 25, 1921, the spot where Brigham Young stood and, gazing into the valley, said, "This is the place."

Stricken with Fever

On reaching Bear river a number of the pioneer band were stricken with "mountain fever," among them Brigham Young, who became so ill that he was compelled to stop at the Bear river encampment with others who were sick. The main encampment passed on, leaving the sick and a few wagons with well folks to care for those stricken with the fever. This outbreak of fever slowed down the march for some days.

Recognizing the value of the time element in their movements, on the 13th of July an advanced company was organized under the leadership of Orson Pratt, consisting of 23 wagons and 42 men, quite a number of whom were of the Mississippi company. These were to press on with all speed, find and follow the wagon trail into Salt Lake valley made by the Donner-Reed company of the year before. That party consisted of 87 souls, of which 36 were men and 21 women, the rest children. They must have had from 20 to 25 wagons.

From this time on the pioneer train was divided into three divisions: Orson Pratt's advance company, the main division, comprising the larger number of men and wagons under the leadership of Willard Richards and George A. Smith, and the third division, comprising a few wagons conveying the sick, among whom was Brigham Young.

The Place of Destination

The noon encampment of Elder Pratt's advance company on July 21st was at what is now called Little mountain; and, having been overtaken that morning by Erastus Snow, sent forward from the main division of the pioneer train, these two, Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow, leaving the advance company to improve the road and move down the canyon as far as possible, took one horse between them and followed the wagon trail of the previous year to the mouth of the canyon. This trail leaving the creek on the right, ascended a very steep hill of the "hog-back" type. From the summit of it a fine view of Salt Lake valley is to be had from what we now call the Jordan Narrows to Great Salt Lake. "On ascending this butte," Erastus Snow wrote in his journal entry of that day, "we involuntarily, both at the same instant, uttered a shout of joy at finding it to be the very place of our destination, and beheld the broad bosom of the Great Salt Lake, spreading itself before us."

Orson Pratt journalizing of the same incident, says: "After issuing from the mountains among which we had been shut up for so many days, and beholding in a moment such an extensive scene open before us, we could not refrain from a shout of joy

which almost involuntarily escaped from our lips the moment this grand and lovely scenery was within our view."

Leaving the summit from which they obtained this view, the two pioneers descended the eastern slope of the valley in a southwesterly direction to a point where they had seen canes growing that looked like waving grain. This led them to the banks of a stream now known to us as Mill Creek.

Remembered Instructions

Here they remembered instructions from President Young, received July 19 per the hand of Orrin Porter Rockwell, telling the brethren that when they emerged into Salt Lake valley "to turn a little to the north and put in their seed." This also was confirmed by a communication from Willard Richards and George A. Smith, in charge of the main division of the pioneer train, giving this same instruction about turning to the north, on emerging into the valley, and giving the reason therefor.

I quote from their letter:

President Young gave us his views concerning a stopping place in the basin [Salt Lake valley] by saying that he felt inclined, for the present, not to crowd upon the Utes [Ute tribe of Indians] until we have a chance to get acquainted with them, and that it would be better to lean towards the region of Salt Lake rather than the Utah [lake], and find some place for our seeds and deposit them as speedily as possible—regardless of a future location.

The president thinks that the Utes may feel a little tenacious about their choice lands on the Utah [lake]. We had better keep further north towards the Salt Lake, which is more of a war-like or neutral ground, and by doing so we should be less likely to be disturbed, and also have a chance to form an acquaintance with the Utes, and having done our planting, shall seek a site for our location at our leisure.

Remembering these instructions of the President, and observing that they had borne southward rather than to the north from the mouth of the canyon, our pioneers turned to the north, which brought them to the stream we now call City creek, and on the present site of Salt Lake City.

The Valley Explored

The next morning, July 22, a party of nine horsemen, headed by Orson Pratt and George A. Smith, rode out into the valley to explore it, directing the remainder of the camp to proceed with the road making down into the valley. At the mouth of the canyon the exploring party left instructions to follow the creek bed, that by cutting away the underbrush and digging away the rocks, a better and safer road could be had than by going over the steep hill over which the Donner-Reed train had passed the previous year.

A circuit of more than 15 miles was made by the exploring

party during the day; and at night they found their camp had moved down to the camp on Mill creek.

The next morning the instruction of President Young to bear to the north upon entering Salt Lake valley was again called to mind, and the whole encampment, now comprising Orson Pratt's advance company and the main division, moved three or four miles northward and camped on the forks of what we call City creek, the present site of the city lying at our feet. Here by prayer of thanksgiving and praise they dedicated the land and began the plowing and planting of it that day. This was on the south fork of City Creek, which roughly, and in a somewhat meandering course, ran south, parallel with our present State street, while the other fork in the same manner, paralleled North Temple street, the division of the stream being a little east of Temple Square; and the first plowing was done near where the Auerbach and Company's store—once the Knutsford Hotel—now stands, on State street.

Meantime, President Young's division of the train had been moving slowly and painfully through the mountains over the rough wagon trail. On July 23 his company passed over Big mountain. Of this event his journal history says:

I ascended and crossed over Big mountain; when on its summit I directed Elder Woodruff, who had kindly tendered me the use of his carriage, to turn the same half way round, so that I could have a view of a portion of Salt Lake valley. The spirit of light rested upon me and moved over the valley, and I felt that there the Saints would find protection and safety.

From this rolling summit of Big Mountain only a very limited glimpse of the Salt Lake valley can be had, and that in the extreme southwest part of it, the slope next to the west range of mountains. The incident here recorded by President Young is not the incident we are here today to celebrate.

In Mountain Dell

The night of the twenty-third of July, President Young's company encamped on the east side of Little mountain, in what is now called Mountain Dell. The next day, the memorable July 24, his company passed over Little mountain, down what we now call Emigration canyon, out of the mouth of it to the point where we now are gathered.

And now for the only account of what happened on this spot 74 years ago. This is given in a discourse by Wilford Woodruff, delivered by him in Salt Lake City on the thirty-third anniversary of Pioneer day, 1880:

On the twenty-fourth I drove my carriage, with President Young lying on a bed in it, into the open valley, the rest of the company following. When we came out of the canyon into full view of the valley, I turned the

side of my carriage around, open to the west, and President Young arose from his bed and took a survey of the country. While gazing on the scene before us, he was enwrapped in vision for several minutes. He had seen the valley before in vision, and upon the occasion he saw the future glory of Zion and of Israel, as they would be, planted in the valleys of the mountains. When the vision had passed, he said: "It is enough. This is the right place. Drive on." So I drove to the encampment already formed by those who had come along in advance of us.

This is the only direct account given of the incident, "This is the Place," although Elder Woodruff's lengthy journal entry for that day, gives strong corroborative testimony of halting to view the valley upon emerging from the canyon, and of President Young expressing his satisfaction with what he saw. I quote that part of the journal entry:

Pleasing Thoughts

Our hearts were surely made glad after a hard journey . . . to gaze upon a valley of such vast extent, entirely surrounded with a perfect chain of everlasting hills and mountains, covered with eternal snows, with their innumerable peaks like pyramids towering towards heaven, presenting at one view the grandest and most sublime scenery that could be obtained on the globe. Thoughts of pleasing meditation ran in rapid succession through our minds while we contemplated that not many years hence, and the house of God would stand upon the top of the mountains, while the valleys would be converted into orchards, vineyards, gardens and fields by the inhabitants of Zion, and the standard be unfurled for the nations to gather to. President Young expressed his full satisfaction in the appearance of the valley as a resting place for the Saints and was amply repaid for his journey. After gazing a while upon the scene we traveled across the tableland four miles to the encampment of our brethren who had arrived two days before us.

The prophetic fervor, the exalted spirituality of this passage needs no comment; and the corroborative value of the passage in support of the same man's statement in his discourse is apparent.

Brigham Young's own account of his entrance into Salt Lake valley is very simple. In his journal history, yet in manuscript, he has this entry:

July 24, (1847) I started early this morning, and after crossing Emigration canyon creek eighteen times emerged from the canyon. Encamped with the main body at 2 o'clock. About noon the five-acre potato patch was plowed, when the brethren commenced planting their seed potatoes. At 5 o'clock a light shower accompanied by thunder and a stiff breeze.

Simplicity of all Great Things

So closes the great leader's account of the pioneer journey from the Winter Quarters on the banks of the Missouri, to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, a distance of a thousand miles. How simple all great things are!

Later there was further confirmation of the right place

having been selected. Returning from a brief exploring trip in the valley on the afternoon of the 28th President Young said:

Some of the brethren talked about exploring the country further for a site for a settlement; I replied that I was willing that the country should be explored until all were satisfied, but every time a party went out and returned, I believed firmly they would agree that this is the spot for us to locate. (*Journal History of Brigham Young*. Entry for July 28, 1847.)

And now this memorable saying, "This Is The Place," historically established, what about it? Is it the place?

Remember the limitations connected with the declaration. "President Young expressed his full satisfaction in the appearance of the valley as a resting place for the Saints," is the qualifying statement from the journal of Wilford Woodruff. It must be remembered always that neither Utah nor the adjacent states of the intermountain west, nor the Pacific coast states mark off the spatial limits of the work in which the Latter-day Saints are engaged.

Their mission is to bring to pass the redemption of Zion, and the whole of America—both her great continents—is Zion. Their mission is even larger than that; their message is "unto every nation, and kindred, tongue and people"—a universal message; but a special work is to be wrought in the land of Zion, a work of warning, of admonition; a work of temporal as well as spiritual import. To hold high the standards of ancient as well as modern American ideals that shall recognize God in human affairs, and accept Jesus Christ especially as the "God of the land" (see Book of Mormon, Ether, II) and the righteousness of the gospel as the moral standard of the people who should dwell in the land under God's pledge of security.

In this high, and Zion-wide, and world-wide mission, Salt Lake valley, Utah, the intermountain west is but a "resting place" for the Saints; broader fields await their activity and service for humanity. While the valleys of the mountains of the west may never be deserted by them, those valleys are too narrow for all their work. But they have answered well for a resting place. Here the Saints have been preserved as a people, their identity has not been lost. The value of their community life has been demonstrated. The pioneers themselves were poor when they came into the Salt Lake valley. For years they went on gathering the poor from the lands whence they themselves had fled, and then they gathered the poor from the lands beyond the seas, from England; from all the British Isles; from the Scandinavian countries, from Switzerland, from Germany and from the islands of the seas.

Deserts Subdued

It has been a gathering from nearly all the nations and peo-

ples of the earth, a gathering of the poor, and largely with empty and bare hands the deserts and solitary places have been subdued and made to yield increase for the sustenance of man; and meantime the religion and the Church of the Latter-day Saints, have been preserved, both institutions and the people, and have been kept constantly in the eyes of the world. This could scarcely have been done under any other conditions save those that have obtained in Utah and the surrounding states during the last seventy-four years.

Suppose President Young and his associates had listened to the pleadings of very earnest and influential men to pass on into California, and had there settled their people? What would have been the result? As a people, as a Church, the Latter-day Saints, together with their religion, would have been lost. California now has a population of three and one-half millions; in ten or fifteen years she is likely to double that population. Where would the Latter-day Saints have been in the midst of these millions? Where would have been their opportunity to demonstrate the value of their church organization, their system of community life—the gathering of the poor, and teaching them by a system of mutual helpfulness that man can subdue waste places, make them fruitful and prove that “states though very poor may yet be very blessed,” and at last, by mutual helpfulness may become affluent in both material and spiritual riches.

Had Clear Vision

From the commencement of the “Mormon” exodus from Illinois and other states, Brigham Young had clear vision of conditions needful for his people. Writing to James K. Polk, president of the United States, under date of August 9, 1846, he said:

The cause of our exile we need not repeat. . . . Circumstances have placed us in our present situation on a journey which we design shall end in a location west of the Rocky mountains, and within the basin of the Great Salt Lake, or Bear River valley, as soon as circumstances shall permit, believing that to be a point where a good living will require hard labor, and consequently will be coveted by no other people, while it is surrounded by so unpopulous but fertile country.” (*History of Brigham Young*, manuscript, book No. 2, pages 52-3).

As a resting place, then, for the Church of the Latter-day Saints, as a gathering place; as a place for developing their system of religion and their community life, until they should become strong—strong enough for the undertaking of their larger Zion-wide and world-wide mission—undoubtedly—“This is the place.” This valley stretched forth here at our feet; our Utah, the whole mountain west—this was and is, for just now, “the right place.”

From Another Angle

For the purpose of viewing this incident we are celebrating from another angle, and that not from a sectarian view, let us ask again,

"Is this the place?"

To that there is but one answer. Look about you and behold what God hath wrought! Behold the miracle wrought under the blessing of Almighty God, by the toil and suffering and sacrifice of the pioneers of our state; for to them must be accorded the honor of laying the foundations and making possible all that we this day see lying before us, and extending throughout our state and throughout the surrounding mountain states. Their labors and achievements extend beyond the boundaries of Utah; their community was the parent community of the mountain west. Utah's state emblem—the bee-hive—represents more than mere industry, noble as that may be. A bee-hive suggests swarming and the making of other colonies of bees; the gathering of more honey to feed more bees and men with sweets, thus ever multiplying values and extending beneficence.

The Gentiles and the Land of Zion

The planting of the Salt Lake colony meant more than the founding of a resting place for the Latter-day Saints. It neither comported with the character of that people or with the nature of their mission to be long isolated from their fellow citizens of the great republic of the new world. Though regarding themselves as remnants of some of the tribes of Israel, gathering from whence they had been scattered—"sifted," is the Biblical phrase—among various nations of the earth, and settling in a "choice land" of larger promise than Palestine, yet they knew from books accepted by them as of Scripture value that they held no exclusive title to the land of Zion, or any part of it; for in their sacred books it is said that "the nations of the Gentiles shall be great in the eyes of me, saith God." "Wherefore, the promises of the Lord are great unto the Gentiles, for he hath spoken it, and who can dispute? And the Gentiles shall be blessed upon the land. And this land shall be a land of liberty unto the Gentiles, and there shall be no kings upon the land who shall raise up unto the Gentiles; and I will fortify this land against all other nations; and he that fighteth against Zion [meaning America] shall perish, saith God." (II Nephi X.)

So "This is the place" in the "Mormon" view of it, not alone for the Latter-day Saints but for the Gentiles also; not for "Christians" only and our brothers of Judah, but for pagans, too, if they will come. Looking off there to the northwest, back of the state capitol, you may see that rounded sugarloaf-shaped

hill in the side of the mountain; that is "Ensign Peak," named so, not because any United States flag was raised upon it on the 26th day of July—as is sometimes erroneously reported—when visited by Brigham Young and others of the pioneers for the first time, but because the pioneers had carried with them the conviction while crossing the plains—and even before that—that they would yet raise an ensign that would include all the flags and ensigns of the world—the ensign of humanity. The spirit of their thought was voiced by one of the apostles of the Church who followed hard upon the heels of the first pioneers—Elder Parley P. Pratt—in the hymn, saying:

See on yonder distant mountain,
 Zion's standard wide unfurled,
 Far above Missouri's fountain,
 Lo, it waves for all the world.
 Freedom, peace and full salvation
 Are the blessings guaranteed,
 Liberty to every nation
 Every tongue and every creed.

And so following.

All Dwelling in Peace

"This is the place," then, where all may share in the blessings of the land of opportunity. Behold all men dwelling in peace here, in this, one of the cities of Zion. Jew and Gentile, "Mormon" and Catholic, believer and skeptic—none more free than those living here. None more secure in their property rights and religious freedom—"This is the place," for the enjoyment of these things.

A Vision of the Past

I wonder if we could banish for a moment what we see before us at our feet and think of this valley, in part at least, as it was when Brigham Young halted upon this spot seventy-four years ago, and, trembling from fever weakness, looked over the valley and declared this to be the place. Let us try it.

There is no city in view; no smiling country marked with the careful lines of industry. No fields, no orchards. No paved or other kinds of roads. No railroads. No smelter smoking stacks—the mineral wealth of the region was unsuspected. There is no capitol in the foreground of Ensign peak; no skyscrapers, no six-towered temple, no cluster of university buildings crowning Federal heights; no Utah or Newhouse Hotels; no electric street car system, no electric lights—all these things have vanished, nothing but the largely arid plain and the surrounding mountains. A few scattered trees and bushes line the several streams, some of them lost in the plain before reaching

the Utah outlet, as our Jordan river was then called. Millions of black crickets abound, which later would menace the settlers' crops and threaten the success of the colony planting. A vast solitude is brooding over the valley, as it had brooded over it for ages. Then this pioneer band comes, and the leader of it stands up here where we now stand, and taking into account all this that I have feebly described to you, calmly says to his friends—"This is the place, drive on." And they go to the encampment and begin building the city we now see before us.

"This is the Place!"

Prophecy, this! Inspiration, this! Genius! Who can doubt it when he may behold the confirmation of it in a splendid city and a great commonwealth? Golden words these—"This is the place." Cherish them, fellow citizens—young men and maidens of Utah—make them live now and for the future; and not alone to express material advantages, but for moral worth and spiritual power as well. "This is the place," not only for material advantages, but for the finer things in life as well; for music, art, and science; for learning and culture; for the development of honor and integrity, in the individual, and in the community life. These are the things of the spirit, they pertain to the people, and the people are of more importance than things.

"Money hath but money's value,
Virtue is not bought or sold,
And a nation's wealth is reckoned
From her people, not her gold."

To you all, I commend this view of the words:

"This is the Place"

By Their Fruits

Whom do you worship?

Tell by means of the life that you lead,
Tell through the names of the books that you read;
Tell in the food that you relish the most,
Tell in the times that you stayed at your post.

Tell in the count of good deeds you've done.
Tell by the tales you relate to your friends,
Tell in the record of habits o'ercome,
Tell by the weaklings your courage defends.

Tell by the laws of the gospel obeyed,
Tell from your stand for the right, unafraid,
Tell to yourself through the history you've made

Whom do you worship?

Provo, Utah

Raymond Partridge

Correct Placing of the Monument, Pioneer View

By Elder W. W. Riter

My brothers and sisters, and friends—I feel so full of emotion that it may be with some difficulty that I speak to you. As I reflected, during the prayer offered by Brother Willard Young—the son of the man who lay sick in a wagon, on this spot, seventy-four years ago yesterday—it seemed almost like an unbelievable romance. It is not my purpose, and it would not be proper for me to attempt any lengthy talk to you, and I shall content myself, mostly, by relating to you how I know this to be the place where Wilford Woodruff swung his wagon around, and President Brigham Young, leaning on his elbow, looked from under the wagon curtain, over the valley and said, “This is the place.”

The reason I say that this is the place is because no other place could be the place. I know there has been considerable discussion as to just where the place was. Now, let me give you the evidence that this is the place, which comes first from my memory. I was a little boy, then only nine years old. I crossed this same spot ten weeks later, and my memory has always been, from the beginning, that this is the place. Only day before yesterday a gentleman called me by phone, who proposed, as near as I could catch his words, to take a number of boys on a hike to the top of Big Mountain, and he asked me if I thought it was possible for that to be the place. I told him, No. He wanted to know if there was any controversy about it. I told him there could not be. The summit of the Big Mountain is twelve and three-quarters miles from this spot. I hold in my hand here the *Emigrants' Guide*, written by William Clayton on that memorable trip, and afterwards published in Saint Louis, in 1848, for the benefit of subsequent travelers. This also contains the signature of Governor Brigham Young, at the Governor's office. (Applause.) In this guide book it is stated that the distance from the Missouri river to that point is one thousand thirteen and one-quarter miles; and to the city of the Great Salt Lake, it was about one thousand thirty-one miles; and to this spot down in that peach orchard, there, one thousand and twenty-six miles. The reason I point to that peach orchard is this: William Clayton measured and kept a record of the distance from the Missouri river to this valley, taking note of lead-

ing land marks, and in their absence, for five and ten-mile stretches he used for markers buffalo heads and buffalo skulls, as the country was strewn with them, in those days. Sometimes he would find a piece of wood and use that for a marker, to be driven into the ground. The buffalo skulls, of course, were loose. He got a piece of wood—something, as I remember, near the size of my hand, and drove it into the ground as the last marker, right down in that flat where that peach orchard is. It was a sandy spot then, but has since been made into an orchard.

From the summit of the Big Mountain only a portion of this valley is visible, and President Young could scarcely have said, there, "This is the place," for the reason that he could not see it, except a small portion of the valley over there at the mouth of Bingham Canyon. A few square miles, lying on



On the Summit of Big Mountain

the other side of the valley, is visible from the summit of the Big Mountain. No other place, between there and here, gives a view of the whole valley as this does. Strange as it may appear, between that point of the mountain and the other point of the mountain, twenty-two miles to the south, I doubt if there is a spot where the whole valley is unfolded to the view in the same degree as it is from this place. I shall merely sketch to you a little of the road from the summit of the Big Mountain. Coming down on this side of the mountain it is very, very, steep, indeed. After dead-locking (as we used to call it) both hind wheels of the wagons, for a distance of something near a quarter of a mile, even then the wagon would push the cattle or horses,

as the case might be, and they would have great difficulty in keeping the road. After coming down the canyon, the company continued down that creek to what is now called The Dell. Afterwards it was Mayor Armstrong's ranch, and it now belongs to the City. From there they came on down to what is called the foot of the Little Mountain. That lies five miles to the east here; down to the upper edge of what was at one time Dr. Seymour B. Young's farm; later purchased by the City, and it is now covered by the waters of the Parley's Creek Reservoir.



On the Summit of Little Mountain

From there they came up the Little Mountain one mile. It was very steep and the road very tortuous. Then down again on this side, three-quarters of a mile, to the foot. The old road is now very visible, as perhaps many of you have seen. In those days the canyon, above the foot of the Little Mountain was called Killian's Canyon, and on this side Emigration Canyon.

One year before the coming of the Pioneers a company called the Donner Party—most of whom, or a large portion of whom, perished at Donner Lake by starvation, in the fall or winter of 1846-7—they came down through this canyon, but did not stop to make a road. Coming down the canyon, in the absence of a road they had to follow the creek-bed as much as possible; and between the mouth of the canyon and the Little Mountain they crossed the creek thirteen times. When they got here to the mouth of the canyon there was a ledge of rocks that pushes its way down to the creek-bed. By the way, you may have noticed that all these canyons have a kind of a gateway, composed of hard rocks. Mill Creek canyon looks like it had been cut out with a knife, and also Big Cottonwood, Little Cottonwood and Ogden canyon, for the reason that there is a ram-

A View of the Old Pioneer Road on the Valley Side, Near the Summit of Little Mountain.



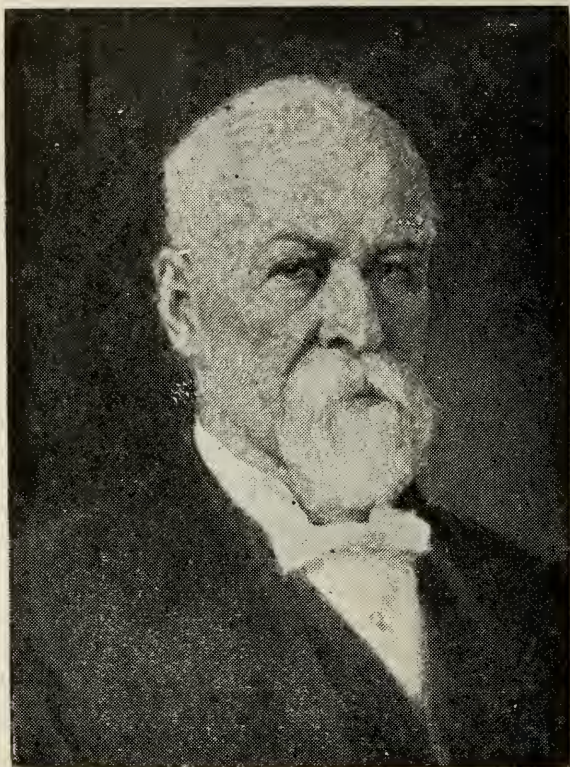
part of rocks that faces this canyon range for a distance of one hundred miles, and all these canyons have a narrow passage way right at the mouth. The Donner party thought they could not get down over those rocks; neither could they, without some work; so they turned up over that hill yonder. It is barely visible, the top of it, from here. It is so steep that Elizabeth Donner, daughter of George Donner, who afterwards wrote the history of the trip, said they had to put oxen to the wagons, that reached all the way from the bottom of the hill to the top of the hill, to pull the wagons up; and then they went down this side of the creek and followed it straight to the Jordan river, crossing the Jordan river in what was afterwards called the Fifth ward pasture, right opposite to the Fifth ward, and then on to the west.

When the vanguard of the Pioneers came along, they thought it better to work a passageway down the creek. So they stopped and broke off some of the rocks and cut down some of the trees. There was a large grove of trees growing right in

the mouth of that defile. They cut off the trees and left the stumps about a foot high. It was a very stumpy piece of road, and a very rocky piece of road as well. Instead of coming over that exceedingly steep hill, they came down through here. When they got to the upper edge of this peach orchard, here, they could not get through. By the by, a good many have claimed that they went over what is called the Hogback—this ridge right below here. If you will go down there and note how the hogback was originally, you will see that was absolutely impossible; but I am inclined to think that even if they could, no view of the valley could be had from that point. That passageway was cut through there, at various times, from year to year; but originally it was absolutely impassable. They turned up to the right and came up pretty nearly where this present road is—and by the way, the old road is entirely obliterated, except a little stretch in the oak brush. If you care to go down there, after this meeting, you will find the remnant of the old Pioneer road, coming up through the oak-brush. From there down it has been dug away to get dirt and for various other reasons; so that scarcely any vestige, practically no vestige of the old road is left, except this little stretch, right down here in this patch of oak brush. From this point after getting out onto the bench, they struck almost due west. They went down off the bench on Ninth South, right there by Mrs. Gilmer's place. The reason for going down there was this: That bench originally, from the neighborhood of the High School, there, clean away up to the mouth of Dry Creek, was covered with rocks. They were hauled away in the course of the years, and were used for foundations in the houses. The hill was too rocky to make the passage down, but they found free passage on down Ninth South. They took a straight "bee-line," crossing City Creek, right behind the old Methodist Church. Years later the road was changed somewhat, and they struck off in a northwest direction, so they struck the bench where it commences to decline, at the head of Third South Street. Some of you may remember that in an early day Third South was called Emigration Street, and it was so called up until the last thirty years; for the reason that it was down that street the emigrants poured, in those early days; not only the emigrants of the Latter-day Saints but the emigrants for California as well. I am very sorry that the name of that street was ever changed to Third South, for it was truly Emigration Street.

Now, I don't know but I am trespassing on the time of the man who is to follow me. I want to say just a word or two in regard to the Pioneers; and if I say things in their favor, I want to distinctly disclaim that I am speaking of myself. I was

only nine years old when we came to this place—a boy of excellent memory, by the way. I came here involuntarily. I came with my parents, so I am not entitled to any of the praise that might be given to the Pioneers. If I had been a grown man and had the use of my own free will, I don't know that I would have had the courage to have embarked on such an enterprise. I have on my desk the names of the Pioneers of '47, exclusive of



Hon. W. W. Ritter

the four hundred of the Mormon Battalion who came the same fall. There are in the neighborhood of sixteen hundred, I think. I frequently take it down and look it over, and I call up to my view, to my memory, the faces and the looks of hundreds of those pioneers, especially the men. Having an excellent memory, as I told you, I can remember where their lots were, where they got their five-acre lots, their oxen and their horses, and many things pertaining to them. I have asked myself this question, many times: "What was it that gave those men the strength

to endure the hardships that they endured?" You will remember that when our people started from Nauvoo they only followed the setting sun. They did not know where they were going. There was an indefinite idea that they were going to California; for you may remember that in some of the old editions of our hymn book there is a hymn: "In Upper California—Oh, that's the land for me!" True, this was California then; it was Mexican territory until February of the following year. They were led by a sublime faith. As I remember them, they were a class of men who could raise their hands to high heaven and say: "I know Joseph Smith is a prophet; I know that Brigham Young is his successor; I know that this is the Kingdom of God, and that it will triumph in the earth." It was this that sustained them; it was this that enabled them to endure the terrific hardships which they did endure. I have frequently said, and I repeat it now: The story and description of the hardships of the early Pioneers of this country never has been written, and I doubt if it can be written. Those honest souls who trudged over these arid places were buoyed by a power that they themselves did not understand. I doubt if Brigham Young himself, when he was on this spot—prostrated with mountain fever, which is a species of typhoid fever and most exhausting to the human frame—I doubt if he himself, prophet though he was, realized just what the power was that was with him. He said, "This is the place."

When I came along with my parents, ten weeks later, and came to this same spot, and everybody, of course, got up on the hill here to view the valley, it struck me that this was not the place—(laughter and applause)—and if I had been a man, I don't know whether I would have had the courage to say: "We will stay here this winter." But that was not the case, as a rule, with the great band of pioneers. The most of them believed it was the place. I well remember I drove a yoke of oxen, hitched to a light wagon, from here to the valley; and from the marker, down there in the peach orchard, to this side of the old fort, where the Covey Brothers have built an apartment house, there used to be a spring. That water ran until a few years ago, when the sewer dried up that spring. Five hundred wagons had passed down there. The soil was very dry and it was cut up from four to six inches deep. I thought that was the longest five miles and the hottest afternoon that I had ever experienced. (Laughter.) I was not alone in my dismal forebodings; and I don't know that I was inexcusable, as a child, in my narrow vision, to have those dismal forebodings; but somehow, everything seemed dry and drear.

I don't want to prolong my remarks; but I want to say this:

That marker says: "This is the place!" To the civilization that lies west of the Mississippi river that is the same kind of an emblem that Plymouth Rock is on the Atlantic coast, that marked the spot of the landing of the New England fathers (applause). That monument at Plymouth was the commencement of a civilization that has passed around the earth. This monument here is the marker of a civilization that has subdued this entire country between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean (applause). And I just want to say: God bless those sturdy Pioneers; God bless their memories; God bless their faith; God bless their works. forever. Amen.

By Elder Alma Eldredge

If it would be admissible, President Ivins, I would like to give my evidence to substantiate, further, the remarks of Brother Riter.

President Ivins: Proceed, Brother Eldredge.

Brother Eldredge, continuing: Ephraim Knowlton Hanks went around with the Battalion. He arrived in Salt Lake, returning from California, before the Pioneer company started to return to Winter Quarters. When he reached the first company of families, coming West, which was Daniel Spencer's fifty—(he was an own cousin to my father, and a young man) he stopped with the train and came back with the company. The night the train camped at the foot of the Big Mountain, he told the men how they could look over the valley here, when they should emerge from this canyon. Three of them were terribly anxious to have a "look;" and the first thing in the morning they got on their horses. There was one horse for Ephraim Hanks; he took me on the pony behind him; and they came down through here (indicating), about ten o'clock in the morning. He turned a kind of a horseshoe and came around up this swale, and when he got here he said: "Cousin, here is where President Young stopped and looked over the valley, and said, "This is the place." (Applause)

President Ivins: I feel quite certain that these few clouds and this little sprinkle of rain [a little thunder shower passed over during the exercises] would have been very welcome to the Pioneers seventy-four years ago; so we will not worry about that.

Example

By Elder George F. Richards, of the Council of the Twelve

The gospel was made for man and is a most perfect plan of life, calculated to guide men and women into paths of peace, joy, hope and salvation. It is the plan taught and lived by Jesus Christ and which made him what he is. It is calculated to make us like him and to save us with him. It is the straight gate and the narrow way which leadeth to everlasting life. Our lives should be always in complete harmony with the gospel and with the life and example of our great prototype, the Savior of the world. When they are not, we would have the world know that it is because of the inconsistencies in our lives, rather than in the gospel, for the gospel is consistent, therefore, when they see in us that which is not commendable, they should know that it is due to our deviations from the gospel law, which deviations, on our part, do not and cannot in the least nullify the law, nor make the truth an untruth, nor do they make unnecessary any ordinance of the gospel. The folly of the expression, referring to men's weaknesses, "If that is the gospel, I want none of it," must appeal to the intelligent mind. People should be able to differentiate between principles and the actions of men, and not pin their faith to human beings. Nevertheless, there are some who thus judge. The Lord understood that such was the case, hence gave the command, "Let your light so shine among men that others seeing your good works will glorify your Father which is in heaven." Because this is the case, Latter-day Saints are admonished to be careful to live lives consistent with their profession of faith. If we deviate too far from the law the enacting clause of our salvation is in danger of being stricken out. A good example on the part of Latter-day Saints is a potent means of allaying prejudice in the minds of others; so that, in passing judgment upon religion, the greatest question in which men are interested that judgment may be of an unbiased character, hence, more likely to be correct. A good example gives us influence for good, both as individuals and as officers. It means for us happiness and salvation. It means almost as much for our children in the generations that follow.

Henry Ward Beecher says, "It is historically true that Christianity did not, in its beginning, succeed by the force of doctrine, but by the lives of its disciples. It was the beauty of

Christian life that overcame philosophy and won the way for Christian doctrine. Make religion attractive by the goodness that men see in you; be so sweet, so sparkling, so buoyant, so cheerful, hopeful, courageous, conscientious and yet not stubborn, so perfectly benevolent and yet not mawkish or sentimental; blossoming in everything that is good, a rebuke to everything that is mean or little—make such men of yourselves that everybody who looks upon you may say, ‘That is a royal good fellow; he has the spirit that I should like to lean upon in time of trouble, or to be a companion with at all times.’ Build up such manhood that it shall be winning to men—That is what the early Christians did.” We should so live and act that, should others follow our example, they will be the better for it.

When Moses came down out of the mount after having been with the Lord, his face shone so that the people could not look upon his unveiled face. We are expected, by the Lord, to be witnesses for him in the world. The greatest testimony to Divine truth is that of a good life. Christ is the hidden source of the light of the world. We should be able to draw from him that influence by which to dispel some portion of the spiritual darkness around us. Our good life and example not only glorifies the name of the Lord, but it glorifies us also.

That the lives of others with whom we associate are affected by our lives, is made impressive by the following from O. S. Marden: “The poet’s ‘I am a part of all that I have met,’ is not a mere poetic flight of fancy; it is an absolute truth. Everything, every sermon, or lecture, or conversation, you have heard, every person who has touched your life, has left an impression upon your character, and you are never quite the same person after the association or experience.”

There should be such a manifestation of love among us that others not of us would be attracted toward us, and be led to an investigation of our religion, that which has made us what we are. When there is discord, division or contention among us, we drive from us those who otherwise would be investigators and possibly members. Under such circumstances we hinder instead of help the Lord with his work—“What you are, speaks so loud, we cannot hear what you say.” “Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God’s heritage, but being examples to the flock.” (I Peter 5:2-4.) “Example sheds a genial ray of light which men are apt to borrow.” The lender is not impoverished by the lending. Both are enriched thereby.

If the gospel has not reformed our lives, it has failed of its purpose so far as we are concerned, and our example will

scarcely be helpful to others. If we have lived according to what we know to be right, ours will be a commendable example worthy the emulation of others. It is natural for the son to desire to become like his father and to do things as his father does them. This suggests that we should be very careful to do that which should our children follow in our footsteps, will make them safe:

The Bridge Builder

"An old man, going a lone highway,
Came, at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.
'Old man,' said a fellow pilgrim near,
'You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way.
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide;
Why build you this bridge at eventide?'
The builder lifted his old, gray head—
'Good friend, in the path I have come,' he said,
'There followeth after me today,
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been as naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim—
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him.'"

Help It On

By Ida L. Belnap

Oh, the M. I. A., help it on!
Oh, the M. I. A., help it on!
It is full of life and cheer,
And to you'll be ever dear;
Help it on, on, on!

'Tis a work of love, help it on!
'Tis a work of love, help it on!
For our cause is just and true,
With an honest end in view,
And to you'll be ever dear;
Help it on, on, on!

When the right shall win, help it on!
When the right shall win, help it on!
There will be no strife nor sin,
And the good time shall begin,
In the M. I. A.
Help it going on!

Provo, Utah.

The Water Fairy

By *Wreno Bowers*

One day, while following a deer path that wound along the bank of a canyon stream, I came suddenly upon a small bird standing upon a half-submerged rock in the center of the seething current. The water rushed madly by, dancing, boiling, foaming over its boulder-strewn bed. As I stopped abruptly, surprised at the small fellow-creature on the rock, in the middle of the dashing torrent, the bird slipped into the water and went whirling down through the foaming eddies.

Ah, poor thing! had I frightened it to death? Surely the wild current had beaten all the life from the delicate body that went whirling down, like a leaf among the beaten foam-bells. But no—for out of the water, a dozen feet below, scrambled the bird. He stood upon a slippery, rounded stone, bending his leg-joints and dropping his plump little body for a second, then bobbing up to his fullest height, down and up, down and up, he repeated the performance again and again. Then he burst out into a song as joyous as the meadowlark's when he "mounts to hail the rising sun."

That was the beginning of a long acquaintance with the little water fairy. It was also the first of many social calls upon a whole colony of water ouzels that lived in the cascades, a quarter of a mile up the stream from my tent. Rain or shine, winter or summer, these water fairies are the sunniest, cheeriest folk to be found anywhere in the mountains. We grew to be such great friends that I moved my tent up by the water falls where I could be with them.

It was good to live there among them, with the mountains at our backs and the cascades at our feet, and peace breathing in every breeze or brooding silently over the place at twilight. The little water ouzel, smaller than a robin, is the most remarkable of feathered creatures, a very wizard in turning its powers to almost every form of bird doings. It is the one American, at least, who escapes the taunt which foreigners are wont to fling at the peculiar genius of our people—that we are jack-of-all-trades and masters of none; for it is a master in the several vocations of bird craft, whether of song or of flight, or of gymnastics in air, on the land, or in water. No wonder it is called "the wonder bird of America."

By day I used to listen to them, hours at a time, as they sang their blithesome songs. No snow-storm, however violent, can discourage the ouzel; for in the midst of it, when men are

cold and pitying him, thinking how cold he must be, he will suddenly dart away, light upon a half-submerged rock, and break out into a joyous song. It is in winter, when the streams are frozen, that he sings most cheerfully—as if he knows that the mountains are brighter for his singing.

I used to watch them at their curious teetering on the rocks in the middle of the seething current, diving under the water, and searching among the mosses and submerged rocks for their favorite food. Their food is comprised both of insects and vegetation. Ouzels swim dexterously when necessary, although they are not web-footed, and dive long distances, although they are nothing like a duck or a loon. Since their feet will not aid them in propelling themselves while diving under water, they must use their wings for this purpose; and they use them with great skill, either against or with the current. Indeed, it is fascinating to watch them as they float upon the gentle-moving current, or flit about in the curtain spray, or dive in the foaming eddies.

These fine, brilliant, fearless, dexterous, poetic, and musical birds are fairly common in the Rocky Mountain West. The ouzel is the only dipper bird found anywhere on this continent, and is peculiar to the West. It is the only member of the dipper family in North America—there is one species in Europe and another in South America.

Since the first day I made the acquaintance of the water ouzel I have never visited a waterfall, or cascade, whether among the ice peaks or warm foothills, without finding this singularly joyous and lovable little fellow. No canyon is too cold for him, none too lonely, providing it is rich in falling water. Find a fall, or cascade, or rushing rapid anywhere upon a clear stream, and there you will surely find its complementary ouzel. The cascade is his home and he never leaves the meandering brook, never being seen to alight in trees, although he has the claws of a perching bird. He is ever vigorous and enthusiastic, yet self-contained, never seeking nor shunning your company.

But of all the ouzels,—and there were many that I soon recognized, either by their songs, or by some peculiarity in their plain waterproof suit of bluish gray,—the most interesting was the one who first plunged into the water, where the turmoil was maddest, and went spinning down, just to show me how it was done. I soon learned to distinguish him easily, by the tinge of chocolate on his head and shoulders. Then, too, he was more friendly and fearless than all the others.

His mate was much shyer than he; it was several days before I noticed her dipping in the foam-bells. I soon learned that her nest was built among the rocks, behind a cascade; for

I often watched her coming and going. I have no doubt that the little ouzel with the chocolate cap would have welcomed me to see the nest without fear; but his mate never laid aside her shyness about it, and I knew he would like me better if I respected her little secret.

So I never saw the nest, though it was scarcely fifty yards from my tent, until after the young had left it, and the ouzels cared no more about it. I knew the rocks in which it was, close by the deer path. It was a mossy, bulky, oven-shaped structure, and in order to keep out storm was open only on the side.

One day, not long after I had moved up among them, as I sat at a late breakfast after a morning's hike, I heard a strange cry that arose from the creek. I went out to see what it was, and there on a tiny ledge, level with the water, stood four baby ouzels in great excitement. Four plump little bodies bobbing excitedly down and up, constantly watching the water as if expecting somebody. No doubt they were; for out of the water, upon the ledge beside them, scrambled at that moment the mother ouzel. She gave a poke into one of the wide open mouths, then slipped back into the water again.

A hundred times I have had a heart-warming over the little family, as the mother searched among the mosses, lichens, and submerged rocks for their favorite food. She began by mounting one of these slippery, rounded stones and thrusting her head under the water up to her shoulders. Holding it there for a few seconds, apparently looking for something, she would then plunge in where the turmoil was maddest, pick something from the bottom, and, returning to the ledge, give it to one of the hungry babies. She never even shook herself. The food which she brought, every few minutes, looked like minute insect larva. Time and again this hard working mother jumped into the brook where it was shallow, ran down it, half under water, and stopped on the very brink of the lower fall, where one would think she could not even stand much less than turn and run back against the current, which she freely did. Now and then she ran or flew up the stream, entirely under water, so that I could see her only as a dark colored moving object, and then come out all fresh and dry beside her babes, with a mouthful of food.

The little ouzels grew amazingly, and no wonder! The kind mother was always feeding them, they were always hungry. They grew fat and sleek, and were soon doing all kinds of gymnastics among the foam-bells. The last I saw of them, when I left the mountains for another year, they were flitting about like water fairies in the spray. And the little friend with the chocolate cap was standing on a rock at his curious teetering, or "curtsying," and singing as cheery as ever.

Kamas, Utah

Joseph H. Dobson, D. D. D.

(Written for the *Improvement Era*.)

The door flew shut with a rousing bang, and Joe's rubber-soled Gym" shoes struck the porch floor just twice, before his soft foot-falls died away in a lively run down the path. To be sure, he was in a great hurry, but the closing door had emphasized more than haste.

His sister Nora was in a tearful rage that he had upset a chair loaded with some of her newly-ironed finery, and little Jim and Sammy howled loudly that his reckless foot had upset their stately blockhouse. Joe had left the supper table abruptly in order to be on time for some special affair at the gymnasium, and after getting into hot water with nearly every member of the household, about his suit, his cap, and other matters of dress or fancy, had decided no one cared a cent for his rights, and shifting the dignity of his seventeen years into high gear, had driven straight over everything and everybody to his object, and left the house in high dudgeon.

But high dudgeon had come to be the popular rage in the Dobson home, and now Nora was using it to telling purpose in preparing herself for a party. Little Jim caught the spirit and threw a block at Sammy, though he had suffered a brisk spanking for this very offense not an hour before. Eliza had been in a tiff with her Ma in the pantry, from which she came forth in an ugly mood, and Pa Dobson sat back with his newspaper in a corner, too disgusted with the bedlam to know or care what he read.

This bedlam story was of long standing. He and Ma had worried about it and tried to formulate a plan to correct it, but it grew worse and not better. Of course, it may be that right now he should have been assisting Mrs. Dobson with work in the kitchen, and taking more of a hand in making matters go peacefully, but he was tired, only half well, and worried to death about things in general. The noisy unpleasantries of this same bedlam had died away behind him when he went to work in the morning, it had greeted him at his approach for dinner, and had been the main thing all evening.

Of course, Joe had been the one to stir matters up to a high pitch tonight, but every member was able and in practice, and Pa Dobson recalled times when he had given the signal for the

daily fuss. Twice when he had thought to make a general clean up with a keen willow, it threw matters unduly out of poise for three days thereafter. Several times he had even had sharp words with Ma, and she had learned with the years to give him as good as he offered.

He shrugged his shoulders, and dropping his paper saw the two little brothers fighting fiercely on the carpet. He would hold the spirit of the fight out of his own soul, he would be calm with the belligerents, and pacify them with persuasion, but when little Jim hit the other a vicious lick in the eye, Pa sprang from his chair and delivered half a dozen resounding flat licks on a pair of tight-fitting small trousers, before his ideals of calmness had time to mature. Settling back in his chair, he listened to one son cry with pain, while the other looked on and rejoiced. "Pa Dobson," he said to himself, "you're the author of all this confusion, and the stupidest old fool in the family."

Joe returned late in the evening to find his father sitting alone by the fire, not reading, but simply looking pensively into the dying embers.

"Anything I can do for you?" asked the boy feeling sure something had slipped out of joint.

"I'm afraid not, son," and his father betrayed his discouragement, in spite of his kindness. "Anything I can do to help you?"

There was something Pa could do for Joe, though this might not be the time and place to mention it. Still he must know what the trouble might be. "Well, yes, there is something you might do for me," he faltered, "though you may be too much taken up with your affairs just now to consider it."

"What is it," Pa asked, still in kindly tones.

"Was you in real earnest when you said school isn't worth the trouble? Is this really my last year? I'm mighty anxious to go some more; in fact, I won't ever be satisfied without going to college and getting a degree."

Pa scratched his head—this school business had been another bone of contention, and he had resolved when Joe went out of the door this very evening that it was settled once and for all. But there must be no more unpleasantness tonight. He looked at the coals and Joe waited in silence. "I'll tell you, son," he broke forth, "I want something, too, and like you, I want it mighty bad. If you'll give what I want, I'll give you what you want."

"I want a scholarship and a degree," bubbled the high school boy in a burst of hope, forgetting for the moment everything but his cherished hope, and forgetting, too, how impossible it might be to pay the price in question. But as a more

conservative thought, and growing curious again, "What is the thing you want?" he asked.

"I want peace in this home. If you'll tell how to make things go, and keep going here, as smoothly and sweetly and lovingly as they go over there at Johnson's, your free scholarship and your degree is assured."

It was Joe's turn to stare at the fire, and he gave vent to a low whistle of surprised defeat. He wouldn't undertake it—his father had already foreseen that. But as Joe started for bed he stopped at the door and said, with a trace of resolution, "I'll think about it."

A week passed in the Dobson home much the same as other weeks had passed with bitter words and general hard feelings over trivial things. But more alarming than usual, Nora had a sharp collision with her mother, and another with Eliza, and then announced her intention of leaving home. Yet Pa, in his distress and discouragement, cherished the belief that there was a little change for the better in Joe.

One evening the big high school boy sat still at his books while the quarreling factions moved off to the stairs, and he continued quietly there until the contentions over pillows, gowns and other matters, died away in the upper rooms. "Say, Pa," he broke forth, turning to his parents with a tone which caught their attention, "are you in earnest about that offer you made the other night?"

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Dobson, and when Pa explained it, somewhat to her surprise, she considered it a minute in silence. "Well, I should say he does mean it," she broke forth in ecstasy. "If your father made any such promise to you, he'll surely keep it—we'll both keep it."

"You bet we will, son," Dobson added, still feeling perfectly safe.

"And the degree, too?"

"Yes, by George, I'll see that you get a better degree than anybody holds in town."

That some powerful pull was active to keep Joe along with his aspiring class, was perfectly clear to Pa Dobson, and at first he made sure it was the influence of George Reed and Bill Brown, Joe's bosom companions. In his eagerness to accomplish the strange feat and win the coveted scholarship, Joe would sit long minutes at a time simply studying the vexing home problem, and then he would go over to Johnson's, seemingly to study the desired ideal. But as the winter wore away, he seemed to spend more time at Johnson's than at home, and stranger still, Leah Johnson was about the only member of the family he looked to for inspiration.

His studies at school and his big problem at home seemed one and the same thing, and he buried himself in their general substance, with his favorite subject of mechanics and machinery, seemingly at the very bottom of all of them. The system and persistence with which he pursued his studies at school, considered conditions at home and then at Johnsons, indicated he had called his father's bluff in dead earnest. His father had regarded it only as a bluff, safe and sure in its nature, but the safety of the thing seemed somehow to be failing. And twice Joe had concealed a handful of notes in such a way as to set Pa Dobson's curiosity in a perfect ferment.

And whenever Joe came from Johnson's, he had Leah's kindly tones and winning accents so pronounced in his voice, that his arrival meant oil on the troubled waters. His use of these things at first had been somewhat of a laughable misfit, but they soon became perfectly natural, and the earnestness with which he used them, cheated him out of knowing the real fury with which life was lived in his home when he was away. Sometimes Leah herself came over, and everything grew calm and sweet as if in the presence of an angel.

"Say, do you realize that boy's taxing his brain and his wits to the limit on the strength of your offer?" asked Mrs. Dobson, when she and Pa were together one evening.

"You bet I do," he answered, shaking his head in pleased perplexity, "and if I'm any judge, Leah Johnson is conspiring with him to put the deal over."

"Well, what if he makes it?"

"Oh, I—hardly think he can. If he does, I'll have to come across with my part of the contract, even if I have to sell some land."

"What about the degree?"

Pa scratched his head and frowned, "I'll have to hatch out something along that line, too," he admitted.

Somehow Joe became more and more an object of curiosity, and even reverence as the game proceeded, and somehow Pa and Ma waxed almost too curious to wait and see what sort of move their son would make next. He steered out of most all unpleasantness at home, unless it were to act as pacifier, though he took his part of the work more willingly than ever before, and he persuaded Nora to give up the notion of leaving home. Several times his face flushed at what he heard, but he maintained his composure, even though he had to retreat to Johnson's.

The power of this aspiring school boy would have revolutionized that household in time, even without any further step to better plans, but the two older Dobsons felt sure he would make greater strides yet, and they waited eagerly. Their curi-

osity was excited to a great pitch when he betrayed an impulse to say something unusual, just after they had taken part in one of the wordy "free for alls," still common with the Dobsons, but he refrained, as if awaiting opportunity.

Spring came and school was soon to be out, when Joe asked his father, one morning, "Will you have faith in my plan to let it apply to you and Ma?"

Dobson had all but said, "Sure thing," when the impropriety of promising obedience to his son struck hard on his pride. "Well now, son, when it comes to telling me and your mother what to do, there's a—"

"Your arrangement admits there is something wrong, and that you don't know how to correct it. I can't prove my cure without being allowed to apply it."

To Pa it was an unlooked for phase of the question, and it might have ridiculous consequences. "I'll keep my part of this contract," he affirmed, trying to look perfectly just, but feeling decidedly disturbed, and Joe departed dejectedly to join Leah Johnson on her way to school.

"I've been amused at Joe's efforts," Pa declared, when he found Mrs. Dobson in the kitchen, "but I'm afraid he's going to expect something we can't give."

"Why, how so?" she demanded in surprise.

"He seems to think we should do as he says while he proves some theory of his."

"Oh, well, we don't need to be alarmed, he's too nearly right on this question to ask anything wrong, and he mustn't get the idea that we're weakening on this contract when it has come to mean so much to him. I actually believe it is the only thing he and Leah ever talk about, and I am delighted with the success of their efforts."

"His demands may not be exactly wrong, and yet he may get us into a ridiculous position."

Ma still felt assured it would turn out well, but Pa had his doubts, and was relieved in his feelings that afternoon when Joe asked if they would listen three evenings later to a few things he had written.

During those three days, something akin to peace seemed to have arrived at the Dobson home; and, on the evening appointed, the children were induced to retire early, and Joe found his two listeners ready and alone at eight.

"This mustn't be judged for its literary worth," he apologized, "I've simply tried to get a few things down clearly enough to be understood. I was afraid I couldn't tell it, so I've written it, and I'd like to ask that if you have any serious objections to offer, you wait with them till some other time."

"Ways to Prevent Grating Contact and to Soften Hard Collisions."

As he read the headline, his listeners strained their attention:

"Everything which is to work continuously, must work smoothly; if the parts grate on one another, or come into sharp collision, they will break or wear out and go to pieces. Where two hard surfaces are to come against each other, their contact must be softened with pads or springs. If they are to pass closely by each other, oil should be provided to prevent friction.

"The most smooth-running machinery, is propelled by the most steady, easy power. The gentle pull of electricity is easier than the pounding power of steam on machinery.

"And if a knuckle or cylinder becomes heated, we modify that heat with something cool, not with something hot.

"If a surface becomes lacerated and jagged, from rough contact with another surface, it will cut every surface it touches until it becomes smooth. These things must be watched for and treated before they ruin a whole valuable machine.

"A great train is switched from one track to another, simply by shifting a small frog at the forks of the road ahead, and the turn is made gently and gradually without a jar.

"The springs, the pads and the oil are necessary in all successful human intercourse, and the fine frog in the forks of their track from one line to another, must be handled with care. There must be the cooling lotion for the hot places, and the power which propels it must by all means be smooth and steady, like an electric current.

"Nations get along peacefully with one another only by the wise use of these means, and this is all that holds business together, and makes it run smoothly. Without it, men could not live in peace together in towns and cities.

"Business concerns and even nations, sometimes make great compromises to avoid a hard collision.

"In the family with no springs to soften the collision, no oil to prevent one part from wearing another, the family organization soon wears out and falls to pieces. And the hot place in the family cannot be cooled with heat, no more than the fast train can be made to jump straight over from one track to another without a wreck. The family machine, like any other machine, runs more smoothly and effectively with the steady pull of electricity, than with the pounding power of steam."

Pa Dobson stared at the fire and heard every word, regarding himself as an engine, instead of a magnet, and not looking up to answer the glances of his wife.

"The springs, the pads and the oil in the family," Joe read on, "cannot be described, they are intangible,—they are in the gesture, in the look and the tone, but they fit best in words like these: Sure thing; well, I'm awful sorry; if you please; would I be asking too much—"

He continued with a long list in which Leah Johnson was always too plainly heard to leave anyone in doubt as to where he got his inspiration, and Pa Dobson reflected that in the Johnson home there were no sharp collisions, and no one part wearing unduly on another.

"In words like these," Joe proceeded, "there are no springs, no oil; the collision is a sad crash, and the two rough bodies grate by each other with a rasping sound: Get out of the way; I won't do anything of the sort; Do for goodness sake shut up a little while; I'm always asked to do more than my share; No sir, I won't wait a minute, you must go right now."

The long list of similar things were from the Dobson home and from nowhere else.

The paper was finished. It could have been made more clear and complete, but Pa had supplemented it with many ideas of his own, and he was still building on it and looking at the fire when Joe folded the precious sheet and bade them, good night.

"He's perfectly right," declared Dobson, as soon as they were alone nodding his head with decision, and the two sat there till a late hour, talking and planning and confessing as they had never done before.

Still fearful, Joe might want to tell him how and where to begin on the new plan, Pa hastened in the early morning to his son's room. "Well son," he began, with unconcealed approval, "I must say I like your idea, and I'd like full latitude to enforce it until—"

"May be it would be better applied than enforced," Joe suggested, when his father paused.

"Yes, that's right—I apply it and you have the scholarship just the same."

"And the degree?"

"Well—er—yes, sure."

When the Dobson swarm came out of bed, the usual din, now somewhat modified, began to rend the air, but Pa and Ma, by solemn resolution and premeditated plan, moved among them with a magic they had never exercised before.

Then Nora, stopping in the midst of her work, looked in surprise from her father to her mother. "Why, Ma!" she asked in a hoarse whisper, "has somebody died in the night?"

"Why do you ask that?" her mother questioned in surprise.

"You and Pa have heard something," she insisted, all but bursting into tears.

Ma didn't deny they had "heard something," but she pacified Nora with some good natured pleasantry, and everyone in the house began to show symptoms of the new order. Pa took account of the magic change, and resolved to "apply" the new method, with more diligence than he had enforced the steam power all these years.

The anniversary of Joe's birthday arrived late in May, and when he reached the big front room in the evening, behold a surprise party. George and Bill, in fact the whole class were present, and better still, all of the Johnsons. They had music and games and ice cream, just the kind of time to be remembered always, but the most wonderful feature of the party, was the great love of the whole family for Joe, and his tender regard for everyone of them, as shown in some strange way by every exercise of the evening.

The young folks departed at eleven o'clock, but the Johnsons stayed, Leah with them, for Pa had arranged a little desert affair, and when quiet prevailed again, he brought out what seemed to be a diploma, on stiff classy paper, and tied with a delicate ribbon. He read it himself, and it began: "*Degree of Merit*. This certifies that Joseph H. Dobson is entitled to the degree of Doctor of Domestic Diplomacy. This degree is granted by the whole Dobson family, with their love and gratitude and best wishes for a successful school career."

It was signed by each member of the family able to write, and by the scrawling crosses of little Jim and Sammy.

Joe hardly understood why he should sit there and sniff like a baby, but Ma and the girls were sniffing, too, in a way hardly intended for company, and Pa came so near choking up, as he read, that he had to turn it off by relating a joke or two of his own. "Leah, when I come to think about it," he said, "we ought by all means to have had you in on this degree."

"I had no idea what he was doing," she declared, "he never once mentioned it to me," and the sympathy of her genial voice all but started the tears again. She seemed to know all about it now, in fact Pa and Ma had explained the nature of the party, and the "Johnsonses" and "Dobsonses," had drawn wonderfully near together in their sympathies.

It is now somewhat more than six years since that birthday party at Dobson's, where Joe received his first degree. The machinery of the Dobson household has been supplied with springs and pads and oil, with frogs at every switch, with cooling lotion for the hot places, and with the steady, even, per-

suasive power at the head, so that all the different parts articulate with one another in perfect time.

As a result, it has been easy to keep Joe and Nora in school, and they have been climbing, climbing. Joe's latest letter says, "I shall receive my B. S. A. on the fifteenth, but it will never be as dear to me as my D. D. D. Another thing which I know will be of interest to all of you, Leah receives her B. P. E. at the same time."

When they read this the Dobsons clapped their hands with delight, for a neat little home has been completed down the street, and it is to be occupied by Joe and Leah as soon as they return from school.

Monticello, Utah

Arouse Ye, My Soul

From thy lethargy, 'rouse ye, my soul:
Trim thy lamp, for the light burneth dim.
There's a work now awaiting thy hand,
Before cometh the harvester grim.

Ah, too long hast thou been held in thrall
With the pleasures and cares of the earth.
Never seeking to offer thy all,
For the jewels of Heavenly worth.

Arise now, my soul, that ye may
With the valiant faithful be found,
Who are spreading the gospel's bright ray,
Sending truth through all the world around;

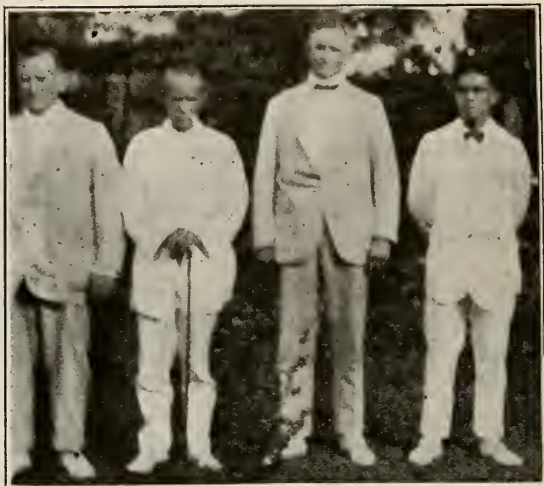
For behold now the time draweth nigh
That our spirits have waited for long,
When earth's bridegroom, will come from on high
Mid the glory of Heaven's great throng.

With the sanctified ones of our God,
Would'st thou join in the anthem of praise?
Be with those who have clung to the rod,
And in righteousness spent all their days.

Then ne'er more let thy zeal become cold:
Press on, on with thy face to the light
Till thou art as the thrice refined gold
Made with purity gloriously bright.

Raymond, Canada

Helen Kimball Orgill



*Left to right: Hugh J. Cannon, Ah Ching, David O. McKay, Arthur Ching
Tulaele, Apia, Samoa, June, 1921*

Ah Ching

By Elder David O. McKay, of the Council of the Twelve

“For great and low there’s but one test,
’Tis that each one shall do his best.
Who works with all the strength he can
Shall never die in debt to man.”

Confucius once said, “All my knowledge is strung on one thread;” and on that “one connecting thread,” we learn from his disciple, Tsang Tsu, were hung the principles, *Self control* and *Charity to one’s neighbor*. These are certainly two fundamental elements in character building, without which no man can justly claim true nobility.

I thought I saw the fruits of these two principles exemplified in the life of Ah Ching as I listened to him one day, when he and his wife, his son Arthur and Telese (Mrs. Arthur Ah Ching), acted as host and hostesses to a number of missionaries. That Saturday afternoon and evening, June 4, are numbered among the most pleasant of the many delightful days and nights spent in “dear old” Samoa. Every hour seemed rich in fruition of profitable intercourse and valued friendships, or inspirational experiences, not the least interesting of which was Ah Ching’s narration of his early life in these islands. I wish my pen could reproduce his accent, and his nervous, animated facial expression as he spoke, in his “pidg’n” English mixed with Samoan words, of the trials and reverses and service of those

struggling years. But that were wishing the impossible: so I must be content to write in that old prosaic style which, I fear is "dry, stale and unprofitable."

Ah Ching is small of stature, about five feet, five, I should say, and rather lightly built at that. His muscular movement like his thoughts, indicate a highly nervous temperament. I fancy his temper in his early youth was of the gunpowder type; when touched off, it would go with a flash; and, yet, today, I believe he can endure imposition and ignominy if necessary, as patiently as any of his brethren.

If you were to meet him on the street, or could see him move unobtrusively into a rear or side seat of church, you would think him, if you gave him even a passing thought, one of the most humble of Chinamen—I'm not sure that your opinion would change, either, if you chanced to see him in his modest three-roomed house in the rear of his little store in Apia; and yet, if you were to offer him a cashier's check of \$50,000 for his property interests, he would undoubtedly smile at you, shake his head, and turn to his busy, unassuming life with a view of adding a few more pounds sterling to his comfortable fortune.

This prosperous little business man "no can lead," he "no can lite;" but he can "speakee China, and speakee Samoa." He keeps no books, and has never kept an account in his business transactions; but he has never purchased an article in his life without paying spot cash for it. He has never "owed a man a penny." He quickly remarked, "If any man no payee me, please himself, me no care."

Now, undoubtedly, in this old work-a-day, business world, which, in many of its aspects seems a long way from that anticipated time when every man will esteem his neighbor as himself, and there shall be no rogues to defraud and to steal, an X-ray examination into Ah Ching's business might reveal the fact that not a few men have "pleased themselves" not to "payee" all they owe him. At any rate there was one who deliberately planned to defraud him, and whose dastardly treachery was the means of testing Ah Ching in life's crucible. Had his character not possessed more pure gold than dross, he would perhaps even now be deprived of life, or be still wearing the stripes of a condemned felon.

Ah Ching was a young man in his teens when he left Pu Chow, Fukin province, China, and enlisted as one of the crew of a small vessel sailing for the South Seas. True to his thrifty nature, acquired by heredity, and necessity, he saved nearly every penny of his fair wage. Thus after ten years constant service with the ship's company, he had accumulated a thousand

pounds sterling or more. A business friend whom he had met during his not infrequent visits to Apia, induced him to invest his hard earned savings in a hotel and store, he to furnish the money, his friend to furnish the brains and business acumen required, and the two to divide the profits upon a proportionate basis acceptable to both. Ah Ching invested his money, only to discover in a year or two that he had been robbed of every penny of his hard-earned savings. In certain transfers of the property, it seems his friend had appropriated everything to himself. Trusting Ah Ching, couldn't "leadee," couldn't "litee," so he became an unsuspecting victim to the treachery of one to whom he had entrusted practically his life; for "you take one's life, when you take away the means whereby one lives," and up to that time Ah Ching had had but one object and that was to make money; though he had always made it honestly.

When he realized that he had been robbed of all the savings of his young life, when he sensed the villainy of the dishonest scoundrel whom he had called friend, all the fire in his Chinese nature flashed forth and showed him but one more thing for which to live, and that one thing, revenge. He truly wished that his enemy "had forty thousand lives—one was too poor, too weak, to satisfy his revenge."

"He cheatee me all my money: I killee him;" he hissed in his rage, "I sharpee a knife like a lacee," he narrated, indicating the length of the knife by touching with his right hand the elbow of his left arm, which he stretched full length. His knife sharpened, he cried in his agonized rage:

"Me killee him!"

"Something inside-e me say, 'No killee him;' I stop; and it say again 'no killee him.'"

"Then I know God, he helpee me, so I no killee him. I cly, that is all—just cly." (Cry.)

Who can deny that God did "helpee" him in this great crisis of his life? Whether that help sprang from an unsullied conscience, or gave strength in a moment of weakness to a will that once more assumed the mastery of a passion, or whether his spirit responded to the promptings of the Infinite—the fact remains that his frenzy was overpowered, his spirit subdued and he just "clied."

"Yes, thou art ever present, Power Supreme;
Not circumscribed by time, nor fix'd to space,
Confined to altars, nor to temples bound,
In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,
In dungeons or on thrones the faithful find thee."

Unfortunately, too, many fail to heed the gentle "something inside", and follow the lead of blinded passion whether mental

or physical—to their inevitable end, unhappiness and unescaped misery.

It was not an easy matter for Ah Ching to cry “down” to his injured and revengeful spirit; but once he became victor, he felt, though he did not then know, that,

“Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord and I will repay.”

It was a real joy to all who heard him relate his experience to see his face light up as he said:

“Me gladee from that day to this.”

Truly, the fruits of that spirit are love; joy and peace.

“Well, how did the man prosper with his stolen money, Brother Ah Ching?” I asked.

“That house he burnee down,” he answered, “man in the stleet—all bowed down—nobody likee him—die poor.” This intimation that God had avenged his enemy, recalled the lines:

“I know that each sinful action, as sure as the sun brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime punished ahead of him, though the hour be long
delayed.”

With prospects of success ahead of him, Ah Ching had married a Chieftain’s daughter. Now they were homeless and penniless, except for the money earned day by day at odd jobs. To add to his difficulty, he had voluntarily proffered support to two of his fellow countrymen, one of whom was sickly and unable to supply the least of his necessities. I do not now recall if I learned at all, what claim the other man had.

“Were they your relatives?” I inquired, knowing the strong ties of family relationship in the Chinese mind.

“No,” was his reply, “no lelotion—just Chunamen, that’s all—needee help, and I give him—I findee wolk sometimee; my woman she takee in washing. Sometimee me have no lice for all (rice), but me givee Chinamen lice alle samee.”

Sharing his last kernel of rice with a fellowman in need, and that, too, without any recompense or desire for reward—is not that true service? No doubt the gratitude whispered by the sick and dying man fully repaid Ah Ching for his years of gratuitous food and shelter; but there will be further recompense when one who takes note of all such kindnesses will some day say,

“These deeds shall thy memorial be—
Fear not thou didst them unto me.”

It is no wonder that the sound of the gospel struck a responsive chord in this humble man’s heart. Conscientiousness, self-mastery, service among its principal themes.

His church record like his life is marked not in words but

in deeds. You may know his annual income by his tithes and offerings which are freely and thankfully given as expressions of his gratitude for the manifest goodness of God to him.

His rise from poverty to opulence began about the time that he joined the Church, the turning point being marked in his mind as undoubtedly it was in reality, by a singular dream that came to him.

"I dreamed one night," he narrated, "that the Lord, he say to me, 'Plenty money in the steet, why you no pick him up?' Next morning I get up, lookee the steet—no money. I could see no money in the steet. Then I thought; I sellee things in the steet, and makee money."

With the little savings he and his wife had horded, he purchased by paying cash in full, One case of salmon, one sack of sugar, one gross of matches, 5 plugs of Samoan tobacco, one hundred pounds of Samoan Kava, and 900 pounds of flour. When this was sold he purchased more. Thus began his little business, which today includes three separate stores, and a bakery, all free from encumbrances, and carrying on a thriving trade.

His faithful wife, who shared his struggles in poverty, lived to share only a part of his prosperity. A year or so after her death he married her sister, who evidently is an excellent helpmeet and companion to him, and in whom we thought we could detect the same admirable qualities of womanhood as those elements of manhood which have contributed to the commendable life of her husband. Through her lineage he now holds the title of chief among her people.

Of his sons and daughters, we learned but little. His son Arthur, who is now a partner in the business, was educated in China where his father supported him seven years. He and his wife Telese are also members of the Church, and seem to hold the confidence and esteem of the mission authorities and elders who know him. They are certainly as bounteous in their desires to please and to serve others as their father Ah Ching; for after eighteen or more feasted that afternoon with all the delicacies Samoa produces, all the Sauniatu band boys, were feted to their appetites' content.

As we sat in his flower-bedecked home in Tulaele, with evidences of thrift and opulence on every hand, as we thought of the number of men and women whom it is in his power now to bless; as we heard him express his gratitude for what the gospel has brought him and for what it means to him, there passed quickly in my mind, in striking contrast to this scene of success and sweet contentment, a picture of a possible felon's cell with all its associated misery and ignominy.

Conscientiousness, service, thrift, honesty, and obedience to other principles of the gospel, have given Ah Ching this comfort; and self mastery in a moment when he stood blindly at the parting of life's ways, kept him from the felon's cell.

With the results of his industry around him, and the fruit of the Spirit in his soul, it was indeed gratifying to hear him acknowledge God's guidance and inspiration in this simple sentence:

"Me knowee God, he helpee me."

Suva, Fiji

One Picture of Thousands

By Will H. Brown, Oakland, California, Superintendent Press Bureau No. Tobacco League of America

The tobacco trust can never convince slaves of the tobacco habit that the weed is either desirable or helpful in any way. With tens of thousands of men throughout the United States cursing the day they ever took up the habit, and thousands of others rejoicing because they have been able to break away from the slavery of the habit, tobacco propagandists are up against a stiff proposition. Here is just one picture of many that could be thrown on the screen of publicity. An ex-smoker wrote thus in the *Daily Tribune*, Oakland, Calif.:

"I smoked cigarettes mildly the first few years, but finally to excess. My case is an illustration of thousands. It is an easy matter to acquire the habit, but when once formed is rarely abandoned. There are millions of men right now, this world over, who realize deep down in their hearts that *tobacco is slowly murdering them*. I have used tobacco until I actually pitied my own poor heart. When my eyesight was failing me and my health was gone, I realized that something must be done. I had taken medicine for various ailments without the slightest benefit. The last doctor I consulted, though, did things up brown. After examining me carefully he said: 'Young man, I wouldn't exchange hearts with you for one day for \$10,000. You have a tobacco heart. I can do nothing for you unless you cease altogether the use of tobacco.' I looked at the man in blank despair, for I had tried that very thing so many times and failed that I despaired of trying again. But I did, and I quit the weed. That was eight years ago, and I have long since lost all desire for tobacco. I am now proud of my achievement and my excellent health."



FELLING A GIANT TREE

This great tree was felled to aid in building the new Logan, Utah, scout home. It was 250 years old, according to its rings which were counted and it is expected that 1,200 feet of red pine lumber will come out of it for the scout camp.

New Scout Home Amid the Mountains

By N. Alvin Pedersen, Dept. of English, U. A. C.

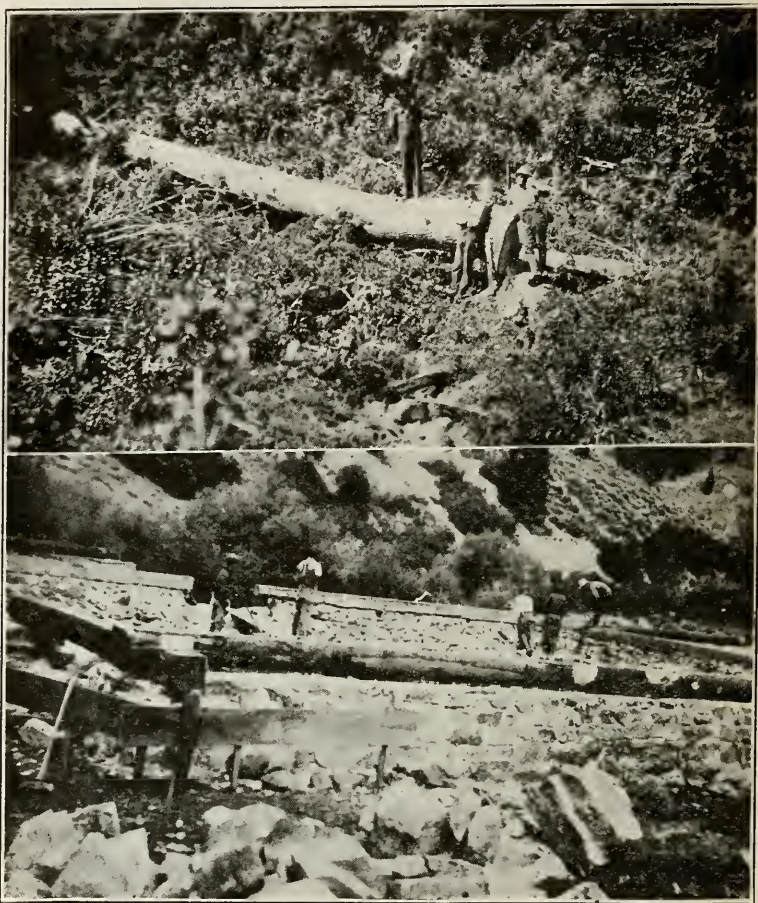
Logan is building a new home, the most important one she has built in many a day. Its peculiar significance lies in the fact that this home is to be the shelter and rendezvous, not of a family of six or ten but of six hundred boy scouts when on their "outings" into the wilds, whether it be in the "leafy month of June" or in snow-covered January when the owl "for all his feathers is a-cold."

Six hundred of them, a noble band of boys is this, whom Logan and her environs have mothered. And now a new Scout home is being erected for them in which to conserve these boys and implant in them the ideals of Lincoln and Roosevelt. A unique project it is: our hearts and hopes of future years are all with it. The citizens here are enthusiastic; the boys themselves are eying every hammer stroke of the builders. And when the last shingle is laid there will be a fathers and sons' outing in Logan Canyon such as a poet might dream of. In the course of a month that dream should come true.

The building of this home is a community project. People of Logan and vicinity gave of their money freely, usually the sums that were asked by the committees, and in addition they gave labor and material gratis. For instance, a large stack of hard-wood shingles, costing approximately \$250 is now upon the grounds ready for use. This material was the gift of the Logan Kiwanis Club, the members of which had already made their contributions through other channels. Similarly generous was the action of the Rotary Club which is paying the hire of three logging outfits that ply daily between the timber four miles away and the building site. Likewise, a further illustration of community cooperation might have been seen last Saturday when a merchant, an attorney, and three professors from the U. A. C. formed one timber gang—all giving volunteer service. The Scouts themselves built road, felled trees, and are now in the process of making small money contributions. United we stand, is our motto.

The camp is fifteen miles up Logan Canyon, off in the right hand fork where the strictest privacy can be maintained, a condition essential to Scout discipline. In every direction lies inviting hiking territory. Through the canyon to the east, an easy

day's jaunt, lies Bear Lake, which now attracts tourists by the thousands from all parts of the country. Mt. Logan, nearly 10,000 feet high, beckons from the south and west to its easiest approach. Mountains Gog, Magog, and Naomi lift their heads



BUILDING THE LOGAN SCOUT HOME

Top: View of the giant tree where it fell. Bottom: The scout building, with the first row of logs laid on their rock foundation.

to a similar elevation on the north, with mountain streams jumping for hundreds of feet down their rocky sides to the blue mountain water of White Pine lake. The camp is thus a genuine hiker's *El Dorado*, the center of which is the Scout Camp, in a dry, open place yet with a scenic background of mountain and

forest, part of the delightful Cache game preserve. Elk and deer are not far away; wild birds are plenty; and many a tree shows the imprint of Bruin's long claws, the results of a climb for food or fun.

The camp building or home, is to be of rustic pattern. The timber is sawed on three sides only, leaving the round bark side to face the weather. The logs thus dressed, the beginning rows of which are now laid, rest upon a rough rock formation three or four feet high. The structure when completed will thus be seen to fit its setting, a mountain home amid the mountains.

When the Scouts return to camp from a vigorous hike there will be in the home a kitchen, in which to cook their rations; a hospital room in which to bandage a wound; a library from which to get *Treasure Island*, or *A Little Boy Lost*; and, if it chance to be a cold night, they can all gather after supper in a thirty-six by forty-two assembly room, made cozy by glowing, crackling logs in a ten-foot fire place, while the Scout master reads to them *Sohrab and Rustum*, *The Revenge*, or *The Ballad of East and West*. In a mild night they might sit on the large porch and tell to one another great stories of today's heroes, or climb to the balcony and hear related the story of how Phaeton drove the sun chariot. Above the Scouts would be the dark beauty of the night and the quiet mystery of the stars; around them would encircle the ancient everlasting hills; in their hearts would dwell gratitude for the largeness of life and consequent reverence for God and his handiwork.

A Morning Song

With curtains gently drawn
And softly blown apart,
I watch the opening dawn
With grateful, trusting heart.
And in my soul as morning breaks,
A song of loving praise awakes.

The eastern mountains stand
Tinged with the rising sun;
Show how the Master's hand
His skilful work hath done.
And clouds at night were dark and gray,
And golden with approaching day.

Be glad O heart of Earth!
Sing praise amid the strife
Which hastens on the birth
Of men, triumphant life.
Black night will pass, and rosy gold
Thy wakening vision shall behold.
L. Lula Greene Richards

Sources of Joy and Factors of Happiness

A Study for the Advanced Senior Classes of the M. I. A.,
1921-1922

By Dr. George H. Brimhall

Lesson I.—Optimism as a Source of Joy and a Factor of Happiness

“Man is that he may have joy.” Book of Mormon, II Nephi 2:25.

Herbert Spencer says, “That is best which contributes the most happiness immediate and remote to the greatest number.”

In discussing this subject for a single evening the time will necessarily be devoted to a consideration of how to develop the habit of looking for the good and how this habit contributes to happiness.

I. Optimism and Intelligence. Optimism is not only an accompaniment of the individual intelligence, but in its highest form it is the creation of individual intelligence.

In the first place there are creatures that are so instinctively optimistic that they fly to the light and perish, as well as persons who are so naturally optimistic that they are blind to a danger signal. They go through the world shedding sunshine in such super-abundance that their commendation becomes little more than honest flattery. They are true to themselves, but not true to reality. Their optimism is more than instinctive and less than deliberative.

There is a habit of goodness so ultra that it verges into the bad. Habits of optimism born of deliberation are often so distorted by desire, and warped by the will, that consistency can scarcely find footing. This form of optimism is manifested in the lines of life varying from reckless speculation in the world to the denial of the existence of evil in the spiritual.

People plunge into drowning depths, deceived by the glitter of pebbles, which creates a phantom shallowness of the water; and in like manner some seek to prove salvation by denying the existence of sin.

Intelligent optimism does not consist in silencing the wail of woe, but in skilfully seeing to it that the songs of joy have a prominent place in the daily program of life.

There is a sort of happy-go-lucky or daffy-down-dilly optimism which produces a kind of semi-civilized happiness; but in comparison with optimism that is born of judicious discrimina-

tion, it is like the sun-basking lizzard of the desert to the nest-building bird of the mountains; the one happy in whatever is, the other full of anxious activity in what is to be.

II. Optimism and Attitude. The habit of looking for the good and concentrating on the sunshine of life gives us poise in the direction of our better selves; and by the law of contrast a shrinking from the other selves. It inclines toward the worthwhile in others, and pulls them towards the best in us, and thus fast and lasting friendships are formed.

The reiteration of God's goodness in prayer, both secret and private, intensifies our attitude towards the divine, and we automatically look aloft for more good.

Individual discouragement with one's self, social disparagement of others, and distrust of divinity, with all their power, dispair of pushing us into the pit whenever they find us in the attitude of optimism.

III. Optimism and Action. In the hunt for good we find happiness without seeking it, and joy unbidden walks at our side, and if ever our hunt is ended these companions leave us and we find ourselves at home without relatives, in society without friends, in the universe without God.

The reward for optimistic action is the possession of a set of habits that make for happiness immediate and remote.

With the forming of the habit comes the corresponding increase of capacity to see the good, which capacity in turn accelerates our speed and increases our power, and this capacity is a final source of joy, a fundamental factor of happiness.

IV. Illustration of Optimism. The story is told of President Anthony W. Ivins that while on a hunt for white-tailed deer he could not be shown a herd of hogs that scampered through the forest in full view. "Optimism sees the whole doughnut; pessimism sees the hole in the doughnut."

Summary of Ways in Which the Habit of Looking for the Good is a Source of Joy and a Factor of Happiness. 1. It forms a foundation for faith in one's self, one's fellowman, and in God.

2. It gives us good neighbors.

3. Constantly increases the friendship of our old friends and makes us new friends.

4. It gives us an appreciative attitude toward labor.

5. It produces patriotism: only those who can look for the good in their country can love it.

6. It increases our faith and stabilizes our hopes.

7. It furnishes the satisfaction of obeying, from one point of view at least, the second great commandment.

8. It keeps one busy in the joyful occupation of finding the good, enjoying the good, and passing the good along.

9. It makes us not only loving, but lovable.

10. Optimism calls for religion and finds therein the deepest streams of joy and the broadest streams of happiness.

11. It jars against the pernicious habit of confessing other people's sins.

Literary Lights

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
 Thou madest man, he knows not why,
 He thinks he was not made to die;
 And thou hast made him: thou art just."

In Memoriam—Alfred Tennyson.

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
 Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake."—*Epilogue to Asolando*—Robert Browning.

Questions, Problems, and Statements for Discussion

1. "Judge not a country by its drawbacks, but by its advantages." What two words added to the above sentence would change it from poor advice to good?
2. Wherein is the self-counting of one's virtues a source of strength, and at what point does it make for weakness?
3. Why is the optimistic attitude essential to the enjoyment of life?
4. Discuss Roosevelt's muck-raking philosophy which is in substance: "He who will not come to the cause of necessity to muckrake is a coward."
5. What do you think of the advice: Count your blessings, their opposites will count themselves?
6. What is wrong with the theory: "Things are as good as they can be"?
7. Discuss the proposition: A set of good habits is indispensable to happiness, and the habit of optimism is one of the best of the set.
8. Discuss the proposition: Without civic optimism, the town is doomed.
9. Better be poor with the hope of becoming rich, than be rich with the fear of becoming poor.
10. Wherein does religion furnish the broadest field for optimism?
11. Discuss the optimism behind the following expressions: "I know that my Redeemer lives." "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell." Discuss the optimism in the last stanza of the "Star Spangled Banner."

Supplementary Readings

The Book of Job. Helen Keller, *Optimism*. Cory Hanks, *Up from the Hills*. Robert Browning, *Saul*. "Count your many blessings" would be an appropriate song for the evening.

Lesson II.—Self Correction

The consciousness of possessing the self corrective power is a source of infinite joy. Self correction is a safeguard against optimism degenerating into self coddling, social cant, and spiritual license. It is a source of joy and a factor of happiness, positively and negatively, by its positive pull and its negative push. In the former it reaches out to and draws in the good, in the latter it eliminates the bad or the less good.

The power of self correction is man's heritage alone, no lower creature has it. Through it man becomes both garden and gardener.

Man must grow; the pull from without and the potentiality from within force growth whether we will it or not, but upon our self correction depends the straightness of the growth.

Self correction is the keystone to the archway of repentance; it is reformation.

The archway of repentance is the only bridge that spans the gulf between heaven and its opposite.

Man, self separated from his higher self, from society, or from God, through error, in intent, word, or action, by omission of duty or commission of sin becomes a wanderer, seeking but never finding the fountain of happiness. Self-fooled at times he drinks from some pool of pleasure, which momentarily slakes his thirst for joy, then racks him with poison-pains.

Self correction secures the progressive perpetuity of the joy of doing. With it life becomes more than one eternal round; is not only circular, but spiral. The consciousness of elevative advancement is joy without parallel, and self correction deals out a daily portion of this form of happiness. One cannot "So act that each tomorrow finds him further than today" without optimism and self correction. They are the feet with which we climb; they are the wings with which we fly.

Self correction has four specific fields of operation: the physical, the intellectual, the moral or social, and the spiritual.

Physical.—The human body has been called by very high authority the Temple of God. Aside from all health considerations, physical defects, whatever their cause, become a part of the self, and call for attempt at self correction, and the change increases happiness, whether the contribution comes in the form of strength, utility, or beauty. One may temporarily forget a physical defect, but it never forgets him.

Many a person has not only arrested, but remedied stooped shoulderedness by judicious self correction.

Man is intended for straightness, in all the aspects of life.

The eyes, those windows of the soul, reflectors of the physical universe, should be objects of protection and correction. Few indeed are the eyes that are not measurably defective. That the eyes may bring to us the truth and beauty of the outer world, with a clearness not possible under the handicap of defect, proper corrections should be made. A self correction that adds to clearness of vision must of necessity multiply our joys.

What is said of the eye applies to the ear, the heart, and other organs of the body. There is more than poetry in the Shakesperian lines:

"My pulse as thine doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music."

Getting to the bottom of things is counted as a virtue; yet many people never get the air to the bottom of their lungs, where five minutes a day of deep breathing would cause a perceptible lung expansion, a correspondingly strong circulation of blood, resulting in a physical buoyancy, which helps to keep one's happiness at high tide.

Intellectual. The difference between the trained and the untrained mind is the difference between the bee and the butterfly; the one flies straight, the other flits. Mind-wandering is a habit of following the line of least resistance, the line of little labor and much leisure. Self correction in this direction can reverse the procedure, and the individual intellectually rise to the rank of student; his perception is quicker, his memory is clearer, his judgment more accurate, his reasoning stronger, and his imagination becomes an architect of something more than a temporary wigwam.

Moral or Social.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!"

One needs to survey his social self, his moral self, and see wherein, through intention or accident, there have come the defects which prevent a full flow of joy as he looks into the moral mirror.

If the habit of exaggeration be found, prescribe for the self more exercise in accuracy. If a tendency is discovered towards grouchiness, practice swallowing grumbles. If symptoms of the greeds appear, straightway be generous and mark the rise in the stream of joy. Self correction in the line of greed will make one know and feel the truth uttered by the Master, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Having done the work, we know of the doctrine.

Spiritual. Any form of indulgence that leads away from God calls for heroic treatment. If luxury leads away, turn back. Better be a rich man with meager possessions than a poor man with much riches. Should we find ourselves autoing away from the assembly of the Saints upon the Sabbath day, lock up the car and give it a Sabbath day rest, see to it that the gasoline tank is emptied on Saturday night, or sell the car.

If prosperity interferes with our praying, create adversity in the form of self demand, for a renewal of our correspondence with the Lord.

Literary Lights

"Build thee more stately mansions. O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"
 —O. W. Holmes.

"I held it truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp in diverse tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones,
 Of their dead selves to higher things."—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Questions and Problems

1. Show that self correction is one of the lines of demarkation between man and the animal.
2. Wherein does self correction supplement optimism?
3. What aspect of repentance is covered by self correction?
4. Wherein is liberty dependent upon self correction?
5. Discuss the distinction between self correction and self control.
6. Name the four special fields of self correction.
7. Wherein is it unjust to our spirit to carry a remediable bodily defect?
8. What is your remedy for the greeds?
9. Discuss the proposition: "The peddler of slander is as bad as the one who manufactures it."
10. How may grouchiness be cured?
11. Discuss the propriety of compelling one's self to pray.
12. Write a list of self corrections of which you are conscious without attaching your name to it.

Collateral Readings

II Corinthians 7:9-10. Hebrew 6:1-6. *Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 117-118. *Vitality of Mormonism*, p. 275, James E. Talmage.

Lesson III.—Cleanliness

The consciousness of being strong, the consciousness of being straight, the consciousness of being safe, and the consciousness of being clean; these four are the foundation stones of the palace of happiness.

There is a sort of joy, a type of happiness, that is made up mostly of the consciousness of strength; strength to domineer, strength to drive, strength to destroy. And this sense of strength is often accompanied by a shallow sense of safety, rising from the sophistry of the doctrine that to the victor belongs the spoils, regardless of whether the path taken to success be straight or crooked. In such cases the safety anchor is error, above which stands the immutable truth, that success in an un-

righteous cause, or by unfair means, is always failure, and that failure, in a righteous cause, is labeled by the high hand of destiny, success.

The consciousness of straightness in purpose and pursuit is more than a journey towards joy, it is joy; it is high happiness.

To feel safe is to be happy. In the absence of the sense of security, fear fights its way to the front and joy flees. The sense of security in one of its highest forms is a feeling of being at rest with right.

There is the strength of being clean; there is the straightness of being clean; there is the safety of being clean; but the sense of cleanliness itself includes them all and more, it encompasses the consciousness of a worthiness to be strong and straight and safe.

Cleanliness contributes not only to our stream of joy in the inner world, but it makes way for happiness in the outer world. Contact with filth invites disease and makes way for death. The more "clean up" the less "doctor up" is a slogan of the century.

There is much philosophy in the advertisement: "preserve with paint." The law which says, "spray, or sell no fruit" is a mandatory call of cleanliness in the interest of health and happiness. A sweet breath and clean-kept private yards are individual possessions unconsciously making their contributions to community cleanliness. They are factors of happiness to individual and to the group. The cleanliness of a city is the sum total of the purity of its public and private places.

The people, the church, every individual organization seeking salvation with any certainty of success must be a city set upon a hill. The place to which we go to worship should be so kept that men passing by and entering shall find a harmony between the spiritual education and the environment. The L. D. S. mission house in Portland, which took the prize, preached the doctrines of its builders to every passerby, and enlisted the press in the propaganda for the Church.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever, and cleanliness is a characteristic of beauty, in both the mental and material world.

Literary Lights

"Cleanliness of body was ever deemed to proceed from a due reverence to God." Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, Book II.

"Slovenliness is no part of religion; neither this (I Pet. 3:3, 4) nor any text of Scriptures condemns neatness of apparel. Certainly this is a duty, not a sin; 'cleanliness is, indeed, next to Godliness.'" John Wesley *Sermons on Dress*.

Wesley puts the last sentence into quotation marks, giving no indication as to its source. It may have been a popular proverb in his day, as

in ours. Dr. A. S. Bettelheim, a Jewish rabbi, traces the saying to the *Talmud*, where Phinehasben Jarr says:

"The doctrines of religion are resolved into carefulness; carefulness into vigorousness; vigorousness into guiltlessness; guiltlessness into abstemiousness; abstemiousness into cleanliness; cleanliness into godliness—literally next to godliness."

Problems and Questions

1. What can you do to improve the cleanliness in your community?
- a. Individually? b. As a class?
2. To what state of mind does one confess when he tells a smutty story?
3. How may there be unclean dressing in clean dresses?
4. What is the leading thought in *The Strength of Being Clean*, by David Starr Jordan?
5. Name the four states of consciousness that are special sources of joy and factors of happiness.
6. What element exists in the sense of cleanliness that may be absent in the sense of safety?
7. Discuss cleanliness in the light of the declaration that, "Salvation consists in getting beyond the power of one's enemies."
8. Wherein is baptism related to optimism, self correction, and cleanliness?
9. When has the sense of strength weakness behind it?
10. Show that cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but a part of it.

Collateral Reading

The Strength of Being Clean, David Starr Jordan. *Gospel Doctrine*, Joseph F. Smith, pp. 687-689.

Study Courses for 1921-22

Advanced Senior Department

The general title of the Joint Advanced Senior Class study is *Sources of Joy and Factors of Happiness*, the thesis being, "Man is that he may have joy," and the topics as they will appear in the *Era* and *Journal*, are as follows:

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Optimism | 13. Veracity |
| 2. Self-correction | 14. Sincerity |
| 3. Cleanliness | 15. Hospitality |
| 4. Education | 16. Culture |
| 5. Work | 17. Thrift |
| 6. Recreation | 18. Obedience |
| 7. Art. | 19. Opposition |
| 8. Literature. | 20. Health |
| 9. Music. | 21. Leadership |
| 10. Science | 22. Charity |
| 11. Large Family | 23. Freedom |
| 12. Prayer | 24. Suspended Judgment |

Senior Department

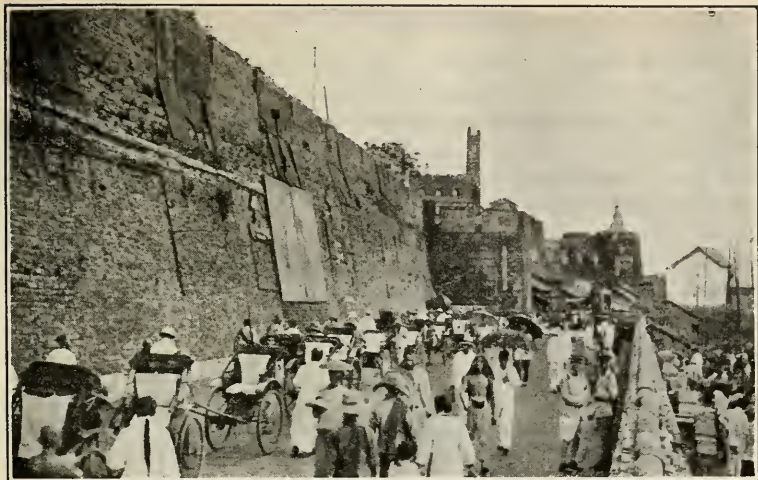
The general title of the Y. M. M. I. A. Senior manual is, *Practical Religion*. The aim is to interest the young men of Zion in the theories of our religion, and to impress them with a strong and abiding determination to put them into actual practice. The title of the lessons are:

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1. The Religion of the Latter-day Saints Reasonable and Natural. | 9. Counsel. |
| 2. Growth. | 10. Chastity. |
| 3. How Knowledge Comes. | 11. Effect of Chastity. |
| 4. Meaning of Prayer. | 12. Fasting. |
| 5. Prayer in the History of the World. | 13. The History of Tithing. |
| 6. The "why" of Church Organization. | 14. The Value of Tithing. |
| 7. The "why" of Church Ordinances | 15. Love as Shown in Offerings. |
| 8. Loyalty to the Priesthood. | 16. Love for Humanity. |
| | 17. Charity. |
| | 18. Man Is that He May Have Joy. |

Junior Department

The manual for the Junior Class carries the general title, *Pioneer Stories*. Unlike the trappers and the early explorers, who came for gold and adventure, the Latter-day Saints came to the unsettled west to make homes, with no thought of turning back. The object of the manual is to impress the youth with the faith and zeal of the Pioneers who thus established themselves in the great American desert. The stories bear upon the hardships endured in conquering the soil and subduing the Indians. The aim is to create in the new generation the faith of the fathers, and a desire to continue the great work which they began. To this end, many thrilling stories and faith promoting testimonies are recounted. The following are the lesson headings:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. The Catholic Fathers—Early Discoveries. | 11. The Fruits of Disobedience. |
| 2. The Fur Traders. | 12. Providential. A Dog Story. |
| 3. "This is the Place." | 13. Was it Retribution? |
| 4. President Young's Predictions. | 14. Was it Retribution? (Continued.) |
| 5. An Indian Scare. | 15. A Navajo's Depredations in Southern Utah. |
| 6. An Indian Scare. (Continued.) | 16. A Victory for Peace. |
| 7. Jacob Hamblin and the Indians. | 17. A Victory for Peace. (Continued.) |
| 8. Courage. | 18. The Wily Chief. |
| 9. Indian's Attack on Lee's Ranch. | 19. A Thrilling Experience of Pioneer Life. |
| 10. Indian's Attack on Lee's Ranch. (Continued) | |



Section of Burial Procession above French Town, Shanghai

Shanghai

By H. F. Gordon

Shanghai the melting pot of the Orient. A city wherein is represented every nationality but the Eskimo and Indian. The place where Christian minister, and local harlot rub shoulders in the public gardens, where poor and rich alike gather after a stifling hot day, to relax in the cool of the evening. Shanghai where, by journeying from the old Mandarin City to the international settlement on the "Bund," one may see medieval Orientalism and modern Occidentalism, all in a few short blocks.

The place where Pierce-Arrow, Rolls-Royce, and rickshaw alike obey traffic signals and fight for the right of way. The city is with its beautiful residence district on "Bubbling Well Road," the home of the wealthy foreigner and native, modern and sanitary, and the unspeakable winding alleys of the poor residents, unsanitary and unkept. Shanghai where the flags of all nations may be seen floating from ships on the river, modern steel mediums of commerce and trade, among which wind their way, the old Chinese Junk and Sanpan, truly a great contrast.

A city with its notorious Cabaret district "the Trenches," where the forces of evil strive to ruin the souls of men; while a few blocks distant, agents of good fight a seemingly losing battle. Its tennis, golf and baseball, its gambling, opium and drink-

ing dens, a strange contrast. Yet seeming to dwell and flourish, in spite of the antagonistic influence of each to the other; truly a city cosmopolitan, where all nations, all walks of life and the great inventions of modern civilization mix unintelligibly, until one is confused by the ever changing, from present to dim past that greets the eye.

No greater place on earth can be found for the study of mankind, in their individual and collective efforts for good and evil, for progress or decay than in this the melting pot of the Orient, a sink of iniquity, headquarters of the Y. M. C. A. and the Christian Missions.

Shall We Know Our Own Once More?

When the Angels' welcome's given,
 When we enter holier sphere,
 And in that sweet joy of heaven
 We forget our troubles here,
 Shall we meet, there, father, mother,
 Friends and loved ones gone before?
 Shall we recognize each other?
 Shall we know our own once more?

When our friends, who traveling faster,
 Long since crossed the great divide,
 Who with us did serve the Master,
 Meet us on the other side,
 Shall we read in their sweet faces
 Love and friendship as of yore?
 Shall we feel their fond embraces?
 Shall we know our own once more?

Oh my soul, let naught confuse thee!
 How much sorrow life may bring,
 Let this glorious hope enthuse thee,
 Cause thee to rejoice and sing:
 All in which our faith's delighting
 Will come true on yonder shore:
 There will be a reuniting,
 We shall know our own once more!

Come, ye sad and heavy-hearted,
 Yonder beckons brighter day!
 There you'll find your dear departed,
 Sainted loved ones, yours for aye.
 Death and parting here bereave us—
 There reunion will restore
 All we've lost, no more to leave us:
 We shall know our own once more!

Translated from the Dutch, by *Frank I. Kooyman*.

Does Education Pay?

By Dr. E. B. Brossard, in charge Agricultural Economics and Farm Management, Utah Agricultural College

Educational Values

Undoubtedly the greatest values of an education are found in the intellectual, social, cultural, and spiritual development which mean so much towards health of body and mind, interest in and understanding of the affairs of nature and things about us, and the refined sensitiveness and appreciation of the relationship of man to his fellows and to his God.

The development of the intellect in itself is a worthy achievement. To gather, classify, segregate, analyze, and retain information is a valuable accomplishment. To be able to reason logically is a great asset. To do refined thinking requires a well-trained mind. The moral value of an education in self-control cannot be over-estimated. Constructive moral education was never needed more than at the present time. The stimulation of imagination and the proper control over it are goals to be striven for. The vivid picturing of worthy ideals and making them universally attractive would revolutionize the modern world.

Man needs spiritual development to clarify his vision and give purpose and zest to his thinking and his work. Without spiritual vision the people perish.

Practical Education

Aside from these somewhat classical phases of education, and yet so closely connected with them that a sharp distinction cannot be drawn between them, is the practical side of education.

By practical, as used here, is meant that which is usable in our daily lives in helping us to understand what we read in books, magazines, and newspapers, that enables us to discuss current events intelligently and that guides us in plans for business or travel, but more especially that which helps us become more efficient economic units in society or adds to our economic income.

Labor Income

Since 1914, the writer has been studying the farming business in Utah and elsewhere, and has gathered some very inter-

esting data on the profits that are made from farming enterprises. The *Labor Income* of many Utah farmers has been calculated to show what profits they make from their farms. *Labor Income* is a technical term and needs to be carefully defined in order to avoid misunderstanding and erroneous comparisons with incomes in other occupations. It is found by subtracting from the gross farm receipts the sum of the gross farm expenses and interest on the total capital invested in the farm business. The receipts include all cash receipts for farm products sold or held for sale and labor done for others by the farmer or his hired help or the farm horses or machinery; and any increase in inventory of livestock, machinery, feed and supplies, cash, or land and buildings due to improvements made by the farmer himself. Eggs traded for groceries are counted as cash sales. But the farm-grown products that are used in the farm family are *not counted as receipts*.

The farm expenses include all cash paid out during the year for the running of the farm business as separated from the personal expenses of living and education of the farm family. They include any decrease in inventory and the estimated value of the farm labor supplied by the members of the farm family other than the operator or father.

It may be seen that the *Labor Income* is not the total income of a farmer. In addition to his *Labor Income* the farmer has all the farm products used in the home, the interest on his capital invested, and increase in land value not due to his own efforts.

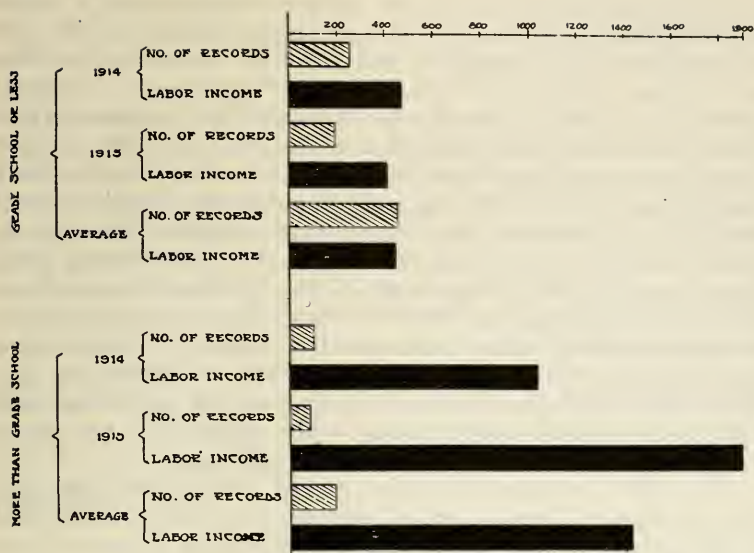
Schooling Adds to Income

Investigations made by the writer and others, in 1914 and 1915, among farmers of several counties in Utah, show the value of formal education to them in their business. Tab 1 shows these results. (See also Fig. 1.)

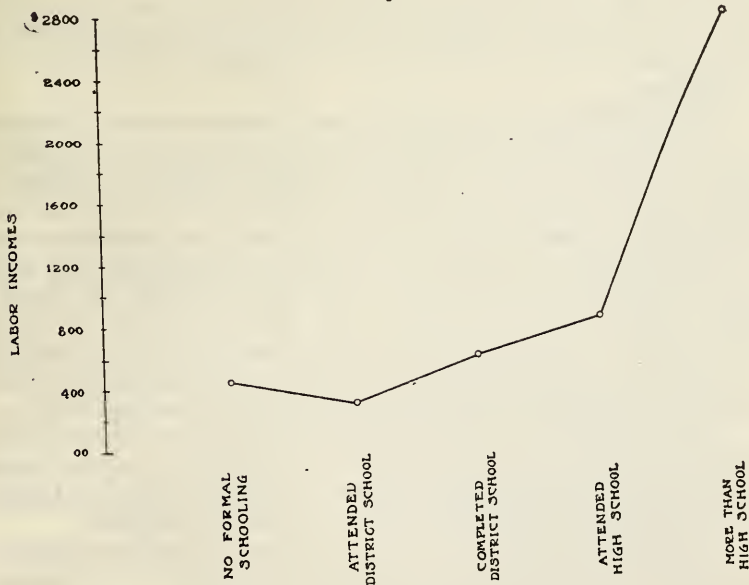
Table 1. Education and Labor Income* of Farmers, Utah, 1914 and 1915:

Education	Years	No. of Records	Labor Income
Grade School	1914	260	\$472
Or Less	1915	194	411
Average	2 Years	454	446
More Than	1914	103	1,040
Grade School	1915	89	1,902
Average	2 Years	192	1,439

*Five per cent was the interest rate used in calculating these labor incomes.



Relation of Schooling to Labor Income of Utah Farmers, 1914 and 1915



Education and Labor Income of Farmers, Utah, 1914 and 1915

Of the 454 farmers who are reported to have had a Grade school education or less, 19 had no formal education, 314 had attended the District school, and 121 had completed the District School. Of the 192 farmers who are reported to have had more than a Grade school education 130 had attended High school and 62 had more than High school training. The average Labor Income of the 19 who had no formal education was \$445, the average of the 314 who had attended the District school was \$395, the average of the 121 who had completed the District school was \$579, the average of the 130 who had attended High school was \$805, and the average of the 62 who had more than High school training was \$2,770. These figures are significant, but because there are so few records in some of these groups larger groups were made and therefore but two classes are possible—those with Grade school training or less and those with more than Grade school training. The average of the larger groups reflects more truly the actual conditions.

The 1914 average Labor Income of the farmers who had but a Grade or Common school education or less was \$472 and for those farmers who had attended high school or more it was \$1,040. In 1915 the difference in Labor Income was even greater, being \$411 for those who had a Grade school education or less and \$1,902 for those having had more schooling than this. The average for the two years shows the Labor Income of those with only Grade schooling or less to be \$446 and for those with more schooling than this to be \$1,439, or about three and one-fourth times as much as those with less schooling.

The difference in the two-year average annual Labor Income is \$993. That is to say that those farmers who have more than a Common school education make annually a Labor Income which is \$993 greater than the farmers who have not had this much schooling. It is true that there are individual cases among those who have the lesser education who make very large Labor Incomes. It is also true that some farmers who have a High school and some farmers who have a College education make little or nothing as a Labor Income. But when they are considered as groups and the averages of the groups are compared, the better educated farmers make the most money.

The 1920, U. S. census shows the average mortgage-rate of interest paid by farmers in Utah to be 7.1 per cent. Capitalizing this increased annual Labor Income of \$993 at 7.1 per cent shows it to be equal in earning power to a capital of \$13,986.

The average farm in Utah, according to the *Fourteenth U. S. Decennial Census*, was valued at \$12,130, and this includes all the 197 acres of land with all the farm buildings and improve-

ments, all the farm implements and tools, and all the farm livestock. These figures show that in the long run education above the common schools is of greater value to a prospective Utah farmer than a present or gift of the average farm in the state of Utah.

Putting the problem in another way, one may see that formal education is one way of solving the problem of farm ownership and tenancy, for with the \$993 greater income the better educated farmers would be able to buy the average Utah farm valued at \$12,130, and pay for it in twelve to thirteen years (12.2 years).

Formal education tends to increase efficiency of production and to give to us all the enjoyment of more economic goods which satisfy more of our economic wants for the same or a less proportionate amount of effort, and therefore amply justifies its cost to the state and the nation and should be taken advantage of by every one who desires to be well prepared for life, for education does pay.

Logan, Utah

To Babyland

I took a trip to Babytown
How wonderful it seemed!
How did I go? Listen, I'll tell,
I went to sleep and dreamed.

I thought I boarded a gallant bark
With sails as white as milk;
With masts of gold, and silver spars
And shrouds of corded silk.

Fashioned of cedar was the hull,
The seats of padded down,
Softly and swiftly away sailed we
To the harbor of Babytown.

What did I see in Babytown?
Why smooth little hands an' heads
of curls,
Hundreds of laughing, romping boys,
Hundreds of shy, sweet girls.

Heads of hair like golden floss,
Others like flax, so white,

San Diego, California

Some were auburn and some were
brown
And some as black as night.

Hundreds of eyes of deepest blue,
And hundreds of softest brown,
And black and gray and hazel, too,
Were winking, in Babytown.

Babies were there from every clime,
White, yellow, black, and brown;
From Arctic shore and tropic isles,
They had come to Babytown.

There were beautiful queens in
Babytown,
Queens gentle as a dove,
Who soothed the baby ills and fears
With the magic wand of love.

But, as I gazed, in pleased surprise,
On this scene so fair and sweet,
The vision vanished and I found
That I had been—asleep.

Dorothy C. Retsloff

A Warning Word

By Elmer W. Pratt

This know, also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.

Thus did Paul, the apostle, predict the conditions of the present day. To my young friends who have been reared among a righteous people, amid peaceful surroundings, who do not know the wickedness of the world, nor realize the workings of Satan in our own midst, I would speak a word of warning:

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

The burden of my message is to call to your minds a commandment of God: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee."

It is quite evident that a soldier learns a great deal about war by merely being in a battle. On the same principle, we can all learn worth-while things about life just by living. Experience gained in the battle of life gives our parents the right to speak with authority.

We are told that to know the only true God, and his Son Jesus Christ, is life eternal. All Latter-day Saints believe in a personal God, and we have some idea of his character and attributes. But we cannot know him except as we become like him. And we cannot become like him unless we obey the laws and commandments which, through his mercy, he has given to us. Let me ask, can we keep the statutes of our Father in heaven if we abide not by the counsel of our earthly parents? Can we live in accordance with a high law without having fulfilled the lower one?

Kind friends, the world is in a sad condition. The words of Paul are indeed fulfilled. Satan is working even among the chosen people of God, and there are many who will be led away from the fountain of life unless more attention is given the tes-

timony of their fathers in regard to the divinity of the gospel. Our sturdy parents, who have come from all parts of the earth, and by their labors have caused a barren desert to produce in rich abundance, did not accept the gospel and leave their native lands without carefully examining every principle and doctrine taught by the missionaries, and gaining a testimony that "good tidings of great joy" were again being carried by men of God to all people. Shall we, who are enjoying the fruits of their toil, spend our time in seeking pleasure for pleasure's sake, and disregard the advice of our Lord and Savior: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God"? If we would obey the counsel of our fathers and mothers, we would seek after God, and no doubt some of us would receive wonderful manifestations of his divine mind and will.

There are many reasons why we should honor our parents, but the most important is that our days may be long upon the land which the Lord has given us for an inheritance. It may be said that this promise was made only to ancient Israel. But if we examine carefully Genesis 17:8 we will find that all the land of Canaan was given to Abraham and his seed after him for an everlasting possession. Now we come to the question: How is it that we are being gathered together on this land of America, rather than in the land of Canaan? In Genesis 49:22-26 and Deuteronomy 33:13-16 we find our answer: "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well whose branches run over the wall," whose blessings are greater than the blessings of his brethren reaching "unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills." This is the blessing given by Jacob to his son who was sold into Egypt. Moses also invokes the blessing of the Lord on the land of Joseph "for the chief things of the ancient mountains and the precious things of the everlasting hills" and "upon the head of him that was separated from his brethren." We are, practically all, of the seed of Joseph. We have been gathered unto "his land." If we honor our parents and seek to gain the testimony they have, our days will be prolonged in this life, and after death we will rise again in the resurrection of the just and receive our inheritance on this land, as an everlasting possession, and we will dwell forever with our fathers and fore-fathers and with Joseph who, with all his seed, is separated from his brethren.

Every thought, every word and every action of our lives leaves a definite impression on our minds. Every person with whom we come in contact has some influence, small or great, upon the future of our lives. Our parents, who have covenanted with the Lord by sacrifice, will ever strive to exert a righteous influence over us. Let us recognize their authority and abide

by their teachings; let us hear their testimony and seek to gain one for ourselves; let us render honor, praise, and obedience, that we may have our days prolonged, and after mortal time has ceased that we may abide with them forever.

May God speed this little message. May it find its way into the heart of someone and be useful.

Denver, Colo.

Maud Baggarley

By Grace Ingles Frost

It is going three years now since Maud Baggarley, successful nurse, teacher, author, wife and mother, better known to *Era* readers as Maud Ellen Baggarley, passed away, November 29, 1918, yet I trust the Editor will not refuse to print these few words in behalf of one who has so often freely contributed to the pages of the *Era* and other home magazines. She was born in Missouri, September 20, 1879. She was, as it were, a southern rose destined to bloom on northern soil; her father, Charles Baggarley, was born and bred in Kentucky, while from her mother, she inherited some of the best blood of old Virginia.

During Maud Baggarley's early childhood, her parents journeyed west, locating first in California and later residing alternately in the states of Oregon and Washington. In the state of Oregon, she received her early scholastic training and in the same state, at the age of nineteen years, she entered a Portland hospital to prepare herself for the profession of her choice. It was there that I first met her, not by chance, but by the divine grace and will of the heavenly Father. In less than two years from the time of our meeting, Maud Baggarley became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. From the day of her conversion to her last hour on earth, she proved herself a faithful disciple of the truth.

By nature, Maud Baggarley was endowed with a wonderful intellect. Her education was broad and her experience wide and varied. As a writer she is best known in the west, though she has also some recognition elsewhere, having had her work published in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and in other eastern periodicals. Her verse is yet appearing in local magazines. Added to her natural talents and her attainments, she possessed a charm of personality which caused many of her friends to call her "the Sunny Southerner."

One of her chief characteristics was her unimpeachable integrity.

The final summons came to Sister Baggarley at her father's home in Washington while attending the funeral of her mother and sister. Her last words were, "Bury me with my people." Like Ruth of old, the God of Israel had become her God, and the people of Israel her people.

BEREFT

The house wherein you dwelt is desolate,
 Its echoes speak of days that come no more,
 The pitter patter of uncertain feet
 Of each wee one who from your arms to mine,
 Did tottering wend his way across the floor;
 Then I beheld the pride of Motherhood
 Glow in your eyes and glorify your face,
 As each in turn the journey safely made,
 And we 'tween us to him, gave lengthened space.

O Heart, dear Heart, no more my soul can bear!
 I leave the empty rooms, the portal close,
 Perchance, the garden may a solace yield,
 But blooms no heart's ease in its borders broad:
 'Twas here for me you erstwhile plucked the rose
 Of richest hue and of most fragrance rare;
 'Twas here your choicest fruit was to me brought,
 That from your smile more sweet did grow and fair.

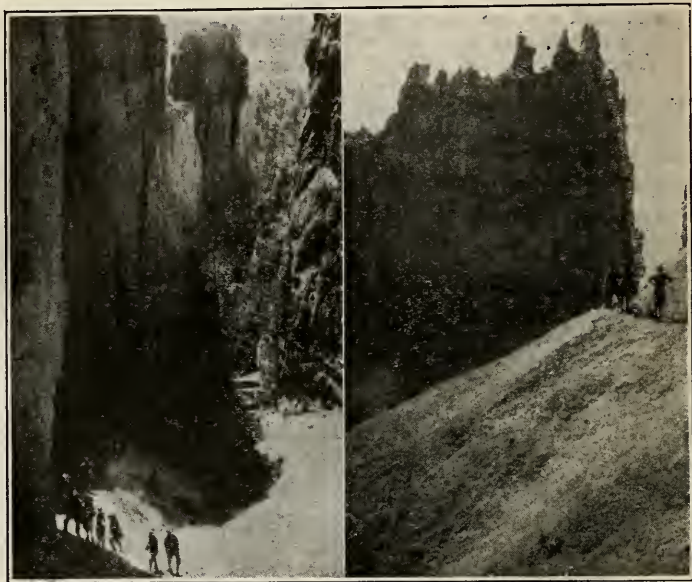
And now, I seek the spot where once for you,
 Fraught with the brightness of a noon-day sun,
 With forms responsive in their lithesome grace,
 Unto the breath of each caressing breeze,
 The blossoms you so cherished everyone,
 Those deep-lipped golden poppies radiant grew,
 But here naught greets mine eye save barren sod—
 Do their immortal sisters bloom for you
 Where you walk in the Sunshine Land of God?

At length with reverent hand I latch the gate,
 No more will I this habitation view,
 This lone, lone place where you so lately dwelt;
 It matters not whoe'er shall dwell therein,
 What matters it when they can ne'er be you?
 No more I'll wander down the garden paths,
 Where arm in arm we strolled in times of yore,
 And converse held of themes to us most glad,
 It is too sad when you are here no more.

Outing of Boy Scout 'Troops of Mt. Pleasant

By S. M. Nielsen, Deputy Scout Commissioner, North Sanpete Stake

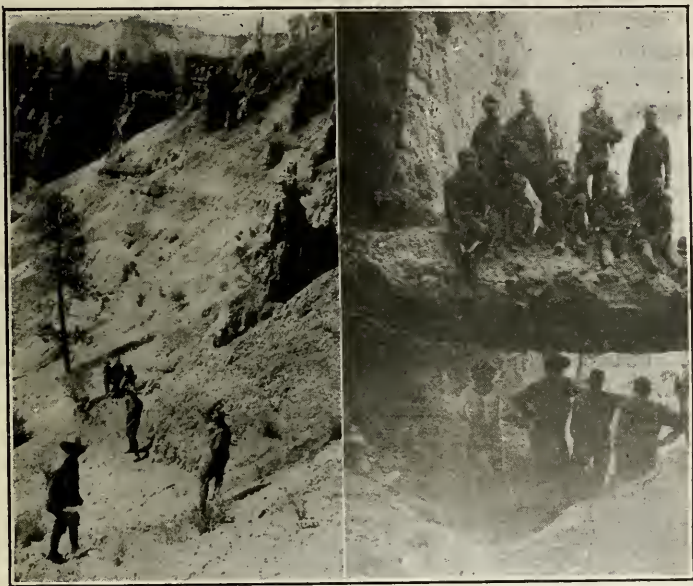
The dream of a year was realized by the recent accomplishment of the Boy Scouts of troops one and two of the Mt. Pleasant, North and South wards respectively, on July 23d, when the



Members of Troop 1 Exploring Bryce Canyon

caravan of boy scouts accompanied by scout officials, fathers, Church officials, and civic officers set out for a trip to points of interest in southern Utah. Ever since the five-day encampment in the mountains east of Mt. Pleasant, in the summer of 1920, which was a successful outing, the boys have been assured by Stake Scout Commissioner S. M. Nielsen, of a trip to Bryce Canyon, in 1921. It required work and steadfast purpose to make good the promise, but, with the cooperation of influential citizens and much activity on the part of the scoutmasters and assistants, the trip was very successful. We have 2,300 people in the two wards, and 110 registered scouts, with several boys

eighteen years of age and three twenty-one. The plans were carried out perfectly and without unfavorable incident to mar the outing. The caravan was made up of thirty passenger cars and three auto trucks. One truck was donated by the Peoples' Sugar company and two by Sanpete county; the passenger cars were donated by citizens of the community, eighteen being furnished by the North ward and twelve by the South ward. There were sixty-four registered scouts from the North ward or troop one, and forty-six in troop two; with the seven scout officials, drivers, and a few guests they totalled 165 persons. One of the wards had ten per cent of its population along, and has eight per cent of the population enrolled in scout work.



Bryce Canyon: Notice the natural bridge to the right

In the party were the following scout officers: Stake Commissioner, S. M. Nielsen, who is also Scoutmaster of Troop 1; Assistant S. M., F. O. Jones, in charge of Sec. A, Troop 1, and Assistant S. M., A. R. Riley in charge of Sec. B, Troop 1, with Assistant S. M., H. W. Oliverson in charge of special activities. Scoutmaster Calvin Christensen in charge of Troop 2 with Assistants W. M. Orrock and C. W. Sorensen. There were in the party also two members of the stake presidency of the North Sanpete stake, the bishops of the two Mt. Pleasant wards, a counselor of each ward bishopric, the mayor of the city, a

county commissioner, and several fathers. The trip occupied six days, July 23 to 28 inclusive. Fish Lake was reached the first day where the party remained over Sunday. On Monday the trip was resumed, and camp was pitched at Bryce Canyon that night. The fourth night was spent at Panguitch and the last night out was spent at Richfield.

The daily program, from reveille at 6:00 a. m. to taps at 10 p. m., was filled with interesting events. Splendid camp discipline was maintained, camp was kept clean and inviting, a lesson in sanitation, the food was cooked and served with dispatch and an abundance of good food provided. The campfire program was a fitting close to the day's activities. Of special interest was the Pioneer program rendered Sunday morning at Fish Lake. The expense of the trip was borne by the citizens of the community, who gave money, or furnished cars. A subsistence charge of \$8 for each scout took care of furnishing food for the party; the boys were required to earn this money themselves. Mr. Riley, of Troop 1, and Mr. Orrock of Troop 2, expert mechanics from local garages, rendered free service, keeping cars in repair, which did so much to make the trip successful, all cars reaching camp in good time every night.

Upon return home, July 28, a well-attended rally was held on the North ward church lawn. It was a happy band of scouts who returned to their homes, all busy telling of the wonders of Bryce Canyon, and narrating the pleasant experiences of the greatest outing of the lives of most of them.

Mt. Pleasant, Utah

To My Father

*Dear Father,—As it soon shall be
Thy birthday anniversary,
I send thee love, I wish to pay,
On this beloved and holy day,
Due homage unto thee. Thy years,
Though full of joy, were marred with tears,
Ere less than half thy race was run,
By having had a wayward son.*

*Was't worth the price? Art thou repaid,
Now that thy health begins to fade,
And as thy locks commence to fold
The "silver threads among the gold?"
Thou art my sire. I owe to thee,
And one who's in Eternity,
The "all I am," but can I feel,
As at thy feet I humbly kneel,
That life to thee has been a joy
Because God gave to thee a boy?*

Duchesne, Utah

James H. Moore

Pilgrimage to the Temple

By Archer Willey, of the 177th Quorum of Seventy

There are three reasons why this quorum should continue its journey each year to the temple, as it has determined upon:

1. The first, but by no means the greatest, is that it makes an outing pleasurable and enjoyable and gives the friend in Idaho a chance to clasp hands with the friend and relatives in Utah, for the gospel permits no geographical boundaries.

2. This journey, aside from its physical enjoyment, tends spiritually to unite a quorum more than any other factor. It is the one door each should go through to the room of humility. Temple work is not only a savior to a quorum collectively; but is a savior to a man and his family. No man and woman will get very far away from the pales of the Church who will go to the Lord's House and renew their covenants, nor will they get very far astray.

3. The third and greatest reason is found in section 128 of the Doctrine and Covenants, beginning with the 15th verse, to and including the 18th, which you are asked to read. It is baptism for the dead, the welding link between the fathers and the children, without which the earth would be smitten with a curse.

It seems peculiar that we should pay much attention to, and lay much stress upon, the baptism of our children at the age of eight and the baptism of our converts, while we go along with sleepy placability about our dead. Baptism is symbolical of the coming forth from the grave. But why use this symbol on the living alone, and let the dead wait? Don't imagine that it will be an easy life over there. Tasks greater than mortal ever dreamed of await us there, calling for more skill, more humility, more faith, more love, more intelligence. These are waiting for you and me and our dead.

Imagine some worker asking the Recorder of God, (and we certainly have one, for it is written in Matthew 16:19, in the word of Christ to Peter, "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven")—asking God's Recorder if his kinsfolk on earth have unlocked his apartment to let him in. "No," says the Recorder, and the waiting soul goes back into

the shadow for years, comes up again and again, and nothing is done. Can you picture the myriads of souls who are so knocking to our deaf ears?

This our journey is to be only an annual event. Ah! it's a pity it cannot be a monthly journey, for ten thousand times ten thousand are in the waiting line for you to send them their passports. This—one of the most glorious of all subjects belonging to the everlasting gospel—has been more neglected than any other. Why neglect our dead? Wake up, ye Saints of Idaho. "Knock and it shall be opened, ask and ye shall receive."

Rouse ye, quorums of Fremont stake, 'tis time to let in the weary who have gone on before. Can ye not hear the glad hosannas of thousands of your kin who cry, "Glory to God in the highest," as ye set them free!

Wake up, 177th Quorum! Every journey to the Lord's House means a congregation of souls. Every congregation means a link in the chain reaching from Jehovah's celestial courts to earth, to draw us to heaven, where in time our dim eyes, clear of mists, shall see God.

I feel it the duty that some one of our Quorum should have a temple mission during the winter months. Why cannot one or two of our presidency and one or two of our members go and labor from January to April, of each year, for the good of the Quorum membership?

Let us take the dry wax of doubt from our ears; that we may hear the calls from afar, even the voices of our dead; and, answering, each of us shall journey to the temple, to the Lord's House, and purchase liberty and freedom for some waiting soul. If we do this, some day, as we pass into the beyond, thankful souls will clasp our hands and call our names blessed.
Sugar City, Idaho

Order a New Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book

A new Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book is being printed ready for the Fall opening of the associations. Mr. Charles F. Smith, Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, writes under date of July 19, 1921:

"My dear Mr. Kirkham:—The other day I picked up a copy of the *Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book* and did not stop reading until I had completed it.—You should congratulate yourself for being connected with such a wonderful institution."

Why a Church School?

By Marion L. Harris, A. B., Instructor in Science Latter-day Saints University

Professor R. A. Millikan, of the University of Chicago, who was head of the National Research Council, during the war, in an address delivered in connection with the presentation of a gram of radium to Madame Currie, in which he spoke of two propositions, said: "I am not going to say that belief in the possibilities of scientific progress is the most important. The most important thing in the world is a belief in the reality of moral and spiritual values."

If the "most important thing in the world is a belief in the reality of moral and spiritual values," then proper education should include training to acquire that belief. Not only a belief in the reality of spiritual values, but more emphasis should be attached to it, since it is the most important.

It is the purpose of schools to educate people, or prepare them for life. Preparation for life should mean equipping a person so that he can render the greatest possible service to humanity. No greater service can be given than giving the most important thing in the world. Now the question naturally arises as to where one can receive this kind of an education.

The public schools have the duty of training the masses in the ordinary branches of education—that of training its students for some sort of gainful occupation. They can employ good teachers and have the best equipment, but there is not that which inspires the soul of man, in securing an education of this type.

On the other hand we have the Church schools that give training for the vocations and the ordinary branches of education and also give the most essential things in life. It is the burden of the Church to redeem man, and redemption cannot be brought about in ignorance. In the Church schools spiritual values can be given proper emphasis. Our Church schools are moved by something more than the idea of material gains. Education of the highest type is primarily a means of establishing proper ideals, and formation of character. This is a fundamental idea behind the Church school education.

If the Church is to fulfil its destiny in teaching the world the principles of the gospel, it must first teach and train its members for that purpose. In order to show the world that we have something worth while, it is necessary for us through study, to get a clear idea of what we really have to offer. Our

Church has sent out missionaries who were poorly equipped as teachers of the principles of the gospel, but with hard work, faith and prayers, they have learned much that they should have known before going out; not till they were ready to return home did they become really effective missionaries. How much better would it have been had they received their education in a Church school where they not only could have studied the arts and sciences, but also learned more about the gospel.

It is possible for everyone who desires an education, to secure it, and in this day of so many opportunities for study and learning, there is but little excuse for a lack of knowledge. "A person cannot be saved in ignorance," and our obligation is to prepare ourselves for usefulness and leadership.

If education means preparation for life, we want that education which prepares man for service and leadership of the highest type. One should acquire the ability to harmonize science and religion that will give an appreciation of nature, an understanding of the purpose of our being here, and the ability to see and recognize Jesus as the Christ and God as our Father. The proper atmosphere for an education should be an environment in which one is brought constantly in touch with the divine.

Salt Lake City

In that Heavenly Home Beyond Here

In that heav'nly home beyond here,
 Where my Parents ever reign;
 Oft I used to nestle around them,
 Just before to earth I came.
 But before we had the gospel,
 Little of them did I know;
 And I wandered here in darkness,
 Knowing not which way to go.

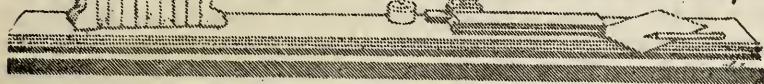
Through this great and glorious gospel,
 I will find my way back home;
 If I'm only true and faithful,
 Then its blessings I will own.
 Through them I am promised homage;
 In that mansion up above,
 Where resides my heav'nly parents,
 All things governed by their love.

There within that heav'nly mansion,
 With my parents I will dwell;
 All good things for my advancement,
 To me will my parents tell.
 All things future, past and present,
 For my good, will they be shown—
 Hidden treasures of great knowledge,
 To me, all will be made known.

Joseco, Nevada

Matilda Mathews

EDITORS TABLE



Back to First Principles

In the group conference-conventions now being held, stress is being placed in the teacher-training department upon the organization of teacher-training classes, which it is hoped will have a tendency to stir the people, and particularly the leaders of the organizations, to a more vitalized teaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ. It has been discovered that attendance at religious services is not as large as it should be; the reading of the Scriptures—our standard Church works—is not as popular as it has been; marriages in the temple are not as numerous, in proportion of the number married, as they should be. Hence, the need of preaching and teaching the gospel more earnestly and impressing its fundamental principles upon the hearts of the young people. Other delinquencies may be named, among them a lack of a proper observance of the Sabbath day, profanity and bad language among a number of young men, and a perceptible lack of family prayers among the membership of the Church. All these conditions, facts, and problems should stir the people, particularly the authorities and the class leaders, to the need of appealing to our membership, young and old, for reform along these lines.

As one solution we turn to the teacher-training class, and the text book that it offers for the coming year, in which the leaders of the organization are to devote themselves to a study of the fundamental principles and practices of the gospel. Two courses we have already had in these classes: first, psychology, or, simply and literally, a study of the soul; second, the principles of pedagogy—how to teach; and now, for the coming year, the third course, the principles of the gospel—what to teach. This was given in the Church summer school for teachers at Provo. It is to be hoped that during the conventions these teacher-training departments will be largely attended; and furthermore, that no ward in the Church will be left without a local teacher-training class. What is said and done in these gatherings should lend a heretofore inexperienced impetus to the teaching of the gospel in all our organizations.

In a recent speech before all the General Boards, Adam S. Bennion, Superintendent of Church schools, emphasized the fact that “we have brought young boys and girls into service in our organizations, who themselves have pleaded that they

have not been trained in the gospel, having been taken out of their organizations before they were taught the gospel fully. Hence next year we are to have a thorough study of the principles of the gospel. Young teachers are now to be taught it, older teachers also are to be stirred to a consciousness of it. We must all be awakened to our needs. We must understand what is to be done. I give it, as my testimony, that there will be wonderful advantage come out of the study of those principles."

He went on to say:

"In the second place, in a review, and it will be easily possible, of the work we have covered during the past year, we shall be able to discuss how to teach the principles which we shall consider. Too often we have taught with our heads looking over our shoulders, always looking into the past. We teach things concerning ancient Israel, a way off in the Promised Land, leaving our boys and girls here in America wondering, 'What is the use?' We teach great Christian principles, but with our eyes fixed all the time back there. Let us work over here, with our boys and girls today. Better teaching is called for, from one end of this Church to the other, or I am not judging the estimate placed by young men and young women on these things.

"I hope that all we have here before us will lead us to a spiritual awakening. I have confidence in this Church, and that confidence grows. I look forward to the greatest time in the history of this Church. We may have been lax in some things while we have gone through a financial period, but I hope we are going back to God. I was stirred the other day in reading a book, *The Fundamentals of Prosperity*, by Roger Babson, from which I quote the following:

Just before I went to Brazil I was the guest of the President of the Argentine Republic. After lunching one day we sat in his sun-parlor, looking out over the river. He was very thoughtful. He said, "Mr. Babson, I have been wondering why it is that South America with all its great natural advantages is so far behind North America, notwithstanding that South America was settled before North America." Then he went on to tell how the forests of South America had two hundred and eighty-six trees that can be found in no book of botany. He told me about many ranches that had thousands of acres under alfalfa in one block. He mentioned the mines of iron, coal, copper, silver, gold; all those great rivers and water-powers which rival Niagara. "Why is it, with all these natural resources, South America is so far behind North America?" he asked. Well, those of you who have been there know the reason. But, being a guest, I said: "Mr. President, what do you think is the reason?"

He replied: "I have come to this conclusion: South America was settled by the Spanish who came to South America in search of gold, but North America was settled by the Pilgrim Fathers who went there in search of God."

Friends, let us as American citizens never kick down the ladder by which we climbed up. Let us never forget the foundation upon which all permanent prosperity is based.

"I beg of you, my brethren and sisters, that from this time on, and particularly through this teacher-training work, we may turn our faces, not to gold, but to the God who has made this Church what it is, that it may the better prepare for the coming of the Master."

In the Priesthood quorums, and in the Mutual Improvement Associations, let us take a definite and emphatic stand upon this subject of teacher-training. So shall we not only prepare teachers to teach the restored gospel and to preach it, but likewise induce them, and those who are taught in the Priesthood quorums and other organizations, to practice its principles, and so come back to the fundamentals which have in the past made this Church the power that it is in the earth, and which will prove to be the safe ground work upon which to build in the future.—A.

Welcome Home

Elder George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, and his wife, Lucy Woodruff Smith have returned from the European mission, where Elder Smith has presided since the spring of 1919. Elder Junius F. Wells has also returned from acting as assistant editor of the *Millennial Star* for the same term. Both President Smith and Elder Wells are members of the General Board the Y. M. M. I. A., and Sister Smith is a member of the General Board of Y. L. M. I. A. We join with their thousands of friends in bidding them a hearty welcome home. Elder Orson F. Whitney entered upon his duties as President of the European mission on July 1, and Elder William A. Morton on that date, took the place of Elder Junius F. Wells as assistant editor of the *Millennial Star*. Elders Smith and Wells gave a review of their missionary labors, in Great Britain and Europe, at the regular meeting in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, on Sunday, August 14, their interesting remarks being printed in full in the *Deseret News*, Saturday, August 20, from which it appears that the mission has prospered, notwithstanding the turmoil that has necessarily followed the reconstruction after the great war. The *Era* gladly greets the brethren and Sister Smith and is delighted to anticipate their active services in the improvement association work, as well as in the great cause of the Church for which we are all laboring. Elder Wells was appointed assistant Church Historian at the last semi-annual Conference, and he will take up his labors in that office. Elder Smith has already visited several stakes in the interest of Church affairs and has been busy and active ever since his arrival.

Messages from the Missions

People Indifferent to the Gospel

Elder Austin N. Toleman, President of the South Australian conference, writes under date of May 25 from Adelaide:

"Elder Robert Bischoff has been succeeded by Elder Austin M. Toleman as conference president, and takes the place of Elder Toleman as conference president of New South Wales. We have five elders here in South Australia, and are making a drive to reach as many of the country people as possible. Elders Warner and Robertson have been sent into the rural districts, and the other three of us are laboring in Adelaide. The people of both the country and city districts are very indifferent to the gospel. Religion is distasteful to the people of this land, who have a spirit of relaxation upon them and are contented to live as they are. One cannot make them realize their religious duty, they caring little about their salvation and giving their lives over to pleasure seeking. Paul saw Australia when he said that in the last days people would be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. The elders find that they have to keep themselves humble before the Lord in order to safe-guard themselves against the contagion of indifference. We fast and pray for strength and perseverance to do our part in warning the people of their standing in the



sight of their Maker. Where the people have been converted, they are very faithful, but in many instances, they have been baptized before they were converted, and so some of them drop out when the elder who baptized them leaves the mission field. Those who are active are true to the gospel, and there are many noble spirits among them." Elders left to right: William C. Warner and Austin M. Toleman, conference president. Top row: Clinton Beck Robertson, Earl R. Hansen and George A. Christensen.

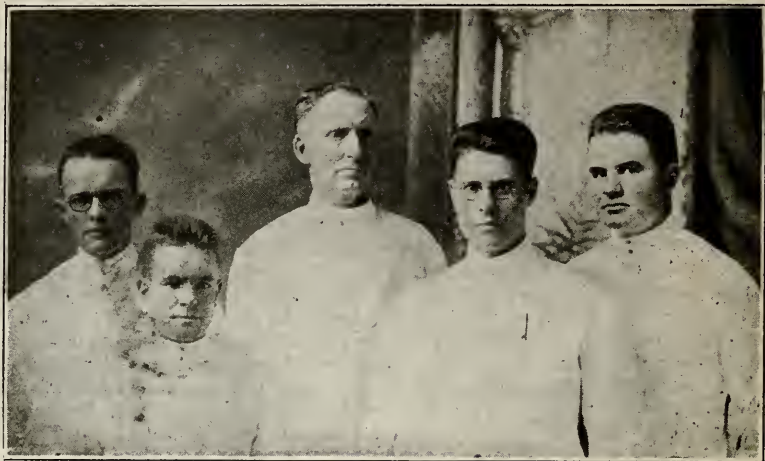
Tahitian Mission

Our present force is small but we are all interested in the great cause we are representing and are truly thankful for being called to labor among the descendants of that great prophet, Nephi. President Joseph F. Smith once said that if the people of Polynesia embraced the gospel and received a sure testimony of its divinity, they might sin, but they would never lose that testimony, but they are very likely to return and forsake their sins. It is a veritable truth that the island Saints are sincere and have an abiding faith in the gospel. They are not afraid nor ashamed to defend what they know to be right against all opposition. One of the elders of the Church, Vaio by name, is captain of a schooner, the *Hinano*, that the French government has chartered to carry mail from Tahiti to some of the Tuamotus, and on to the Marquesas Islands. Recently the head governor of the Islands made a visit to the schooner, as she lay at anchor in the Papeete harbor. Wines, liquors and tobacco were among the articles provided for the entertainment of the governor and his party. Vaio was asked what he would furnish for the guests, whereupon, he went and bought lemonade. As captain of the ship, Vaio made a speech of welcome, upon the arrival of the visitors, and told them that they were welcome to everything on board. He also explained that, being an elder in the "Mormon" Church and having done missionary work in the Church, and its teachings being against the use of liquors, tobacco, tea and coffee, he desired to be excused if he did not smoke, and drank only lemonade. He refused to fill and pass the glasses, saying that he could not preach against the use of such things in the house of worship and then offer these same things to people on board the schooner, with an invitation to partake. The governor questioned him, and he explained to those present the principles of the Word of Wisdom; whereupon, the governor complimented him, and also the owners of the schooner (Taviri Vavai Co.) for having a man who is always sober, to sail one of their vessels. There are a number of native elders in the mission as faithful and as trustworthy as Brother Vaio, and eleven of them are, at present, doing effective missionary work in the various islands. The people have much faith in administrations and some very pronounced cases of healing have been the result of administration, both by elders from Zion and by our native brethren.

Elders who have labored here of late years will be glad to learn that recently the wives of Peni Perry, and Timi a Punau, have both been baptized and that both Peni and Timi have been received back into full fellowship, both having filled the requirements of the Church. The mail comes to Tahiti from the United States every month and those laboring here at headquarters know when to expect mail, while those laboring in the Tuamotus, or in Tubuai often go from two to six months between mails. Elder David O. McKay and Hugh J. Cannon made a short visit here. We are thankful they called but are sorry they could not stay longer; yet, notwithstanding their short visit, we know that the mission will be benefited thereby. We are living in expectation of a longer visit in the future from some of the General Authorities.

Elders George C. Billings and T. B. Burbide will leave for Hao, in the Tuamotus, in a few days. While our elders are traveling, they are at an expense of thirty francs per day; the last two elders who left for the Tuamotus were thirty-four (34) days in getting to their desired destination, Hikuera, at a cost of about eighty dollars (\$80) American money; while the writer was twelve days coming from San Francisco to Tahiti, his ticket costing him sixty-eight dollars (\$68). The *Improvement Era* is indeed a welcome visitor in this mission.—*W. L. Martin.*

Elders laboring in the Tahitian mission at present are; L. H. Kennard, Riverside, Utah; W. M. Strong, Twin Falls, Idaho; K. R. Stevens, Ferron; C. C. Billings, Jensen; T. B. Burbidge, Salt Lake City; L. R. Mallory, Bedford, Wyo.; R. S. Merrill; G. C. Nelson, Safford, Arizona; W. L. Martin, Murray; P. A. Streeper, Centerville, Utah; E. L. Hays, Grace, Idaho.



Elders laboring at Papeete, Tahiti, at present, are: K. R. Stevens, Ferron; George Cecil Billings, Jensen; L. H. Kennard, Jr., Riverside, Utah; William M. Strong, Twin Falls, Idaho; T. R. Burbidge, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Ordered off the Place When Tracting



Elders H. L. Hawks and E. A. Frederickson, 740 King Street, Dunedin, New Zealand, write under date of March 21: "This city has a population of about 73,000 people, most of whom are Scotch, and belong to the Presbyterian church. As a rule, they are not very favorable to 'Mormonism,' and it is quite common for us to be ordered off the place when tracting. We have no place to hold meetings, but the Lord has blessed us very much in our work. We look forward for our con-

ference to be held on the north island, about eight hundred miles from this city. We anticipate obtaining a new determination to do better for the coming year; at the conference, we hope to meet old companions and many Saints. We enjoy the reading of the *Era*, which is the case also with our friends."

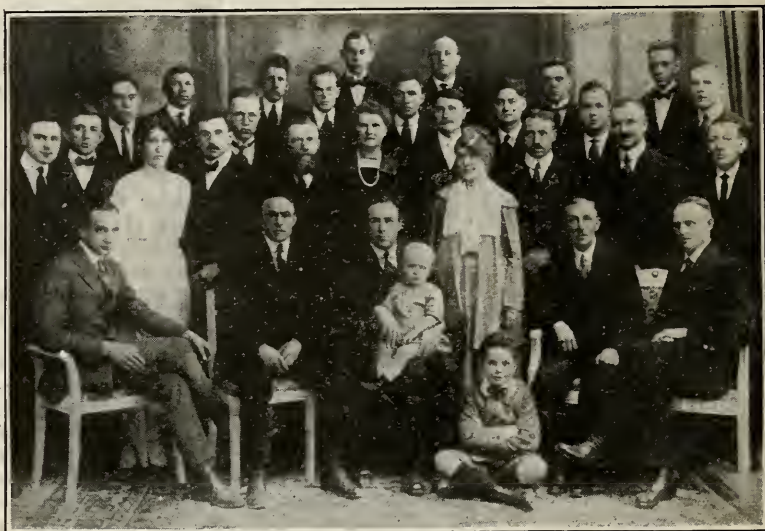


Elders of the Newcastle Conference, England, left to right, back row: Osmond C. Crowther, Conference President, Provo, Utah; Robert E. Finck, Goshen, Utah; James G. Palmer, Conference Clerk, Morgan, Utah; Charles W. Speiceman, Logan, Utah; John Black, Montpelier, Idaho. Front row: Thomas M. Wheeler, Mission Secretary, Salt Lake City, Utah; Thomas Phillips, Springville Utah; Ralph S. Gray, Salt Lake City, Utah; Ernest H. Kearl, released President, Smithfield, Utah.

The Netherlands-Belgium Mission

Royden E. Weight of Rotterdam, Holland, writes under date of July 24, giving an account of the Netherlands-Belgium mission conference on July 15-17: A condensed statement follows: "Meetings were held especially for the Priesthood, for the missionaries, and also general conference sessions for the general public. President Abraham Dalebout presided at each meeting. Among the speakers on the first day were President John P. Lillywhite, Elders A. von Tussenbrock, Carl M. Richards, Samuel R. Carpenter, and Ate Westra. They spoke to an attentive audience of nearly four hundred people. General conference meetings were held on Sunday morning, afternoon, and evening, at which other speakers presented, before attentive audiences numbering from five to seven hundred, many of the principles of the gospel. The spirit of the Lord was present at each meeting to such an extent that President Serge F. Ballif of the Swiss-German mission remarked that it was almost visible—a statement corroborated many times by both Saints and strangers. New investigators are seeking earnestly for the word of the Lord. The elders are working hard, and the Lord is crowning their efforts with success to such an extent that they have more investigators than they can properly care for. Aside from tracting, the elders spend nearly every evening with inquirers who seek more enlightenment as to God's dealings with his children. Of course, untrue things are being said by ministers and are being written in the papers about the Latter-day Saints, but we realize that such writings and sayings have no source except hatred, and so the truth is making headway with the fair-minded. One hundred forty-six people were baptized during the first six months of this year; 130,000 tracts, 16,000 pamphlets, and more than 900 books were put into the hands of the people of Holland

and Belgium during the first half year; and nearly 4,000 conversations between the elders and those interested have been held this year, ranging in time from fifteen minutes to one hour and one-half. Through the untiring efforts of the missionaries, hundreds of people in Holland and Belgium are coming in contact with the message of life and salvation, since the elders canvass from door to door delivering tracts and booklets, sometimes free, and for others getting a few cents, much below the cost of printing. There is no molestation by the officers, and none could ask for more courteous treatment than is being given. While the living conditions in this country are not the best, they are better than in many other European nations. There is plenty in the land, but prices are so high that many of the poorer people suffer daily for the want of proper food. In many instances business is not as swift as in the United States, but most everyone is busily engaged in some one of the many industries of the country. This is true of both the male and the female population, as in many instances the women work as hard as the men. However, the people bear their burdens patiently, and an observer would say that they are a contented people. The Dutch people are very industrious, and one needs but to learn how they reclaimed their land to be convinced of the fact. Along with their industries, they are perhaps the most pleasant and courteous people in Europe today. Missionary work among such a people is both pleasant and profitable, and one is encouraged to put forth every effort to help to bring such a worthy folk into the light of the gospel."



Front row: Alvin S. Nelson, Abraham Dalebout, President John P. Lillywhite, Master Joel Lillywhite, Sister Lillywhite, Master J. D. Lillywhite, President Serge F. Ballif of the German-Swiss Mission, Ate Westra. Second row: Sister O. Brainich, Oswald Brainich, Hendrick Bell, Sister G. van der Waard, G. van der Waard, A. Barendregt, A. van Tussenbroek, Cornelius Wetter. Third row: Samuel R. Carpenter, Royden E. Weight, Heiko Boekweg, Cornelius Zappeij, Leendert van Beekum, Russel Monson. Fourth row: Ruben E. Cardwell, Jan Koning, Karl M. Richards, Hurum Dallinga, A. Sligting, John Vreeken, Arie Kruys, Joseph van Leeuwen and Wm. Levi Phillips.

Many Homes Opened

Elder H. Dean Hall, writing from Auckland, New Zealand, June 13, says: "Auckland has a population of 155,000, and notwithstanding the indifference and prejudice of a large number of these people, we are finding a few who are ready to receive the glad tidings and have had many homes opened to us lately in our tracting. Our cottage and hall meetings are well attended. The visit of Elders David O. McKay and Hugh J. Cannon at our April Conference held at Huntly, New Zealand, encouraged the Saints



with new strength and determination to live the gospel." Elders left to right: A. M. McFarlane, H. Dean Hall. Front, sitting: President Joseph Anderson.

Former Headquarters Force, European Mission

Writing from 295 Edge Lane, Liverpool, July 29, 1921, Elder Thomas M. Wheeler, secretary of the European mission, Liverpool, England says:

"After directing the affairs of the European mission for the past two years, President George Albert Smith has relinquished the position to Elder Orson F. Whitney, who has been appointed to succeed him. President Smith has done a great work in this land in many ways. Coming at a time when the missionary corps was at its lowest ebb, due to the refusal of the government to allow elders to land, he steadily worked on, broke down prejudices in official circles, so that now over one hundred elders

are here doing their utmost to carry on the work. At the present time the mission is in very good condition and everything points to a wonderful work being done during the administration of President Whitney. We had a photo taken of the force at headquarters just prior to the departure of President Smith and family and Elder Wells for their homes in the West, a copy of which I enclose. Left to right: Junius F. Wells, formerly

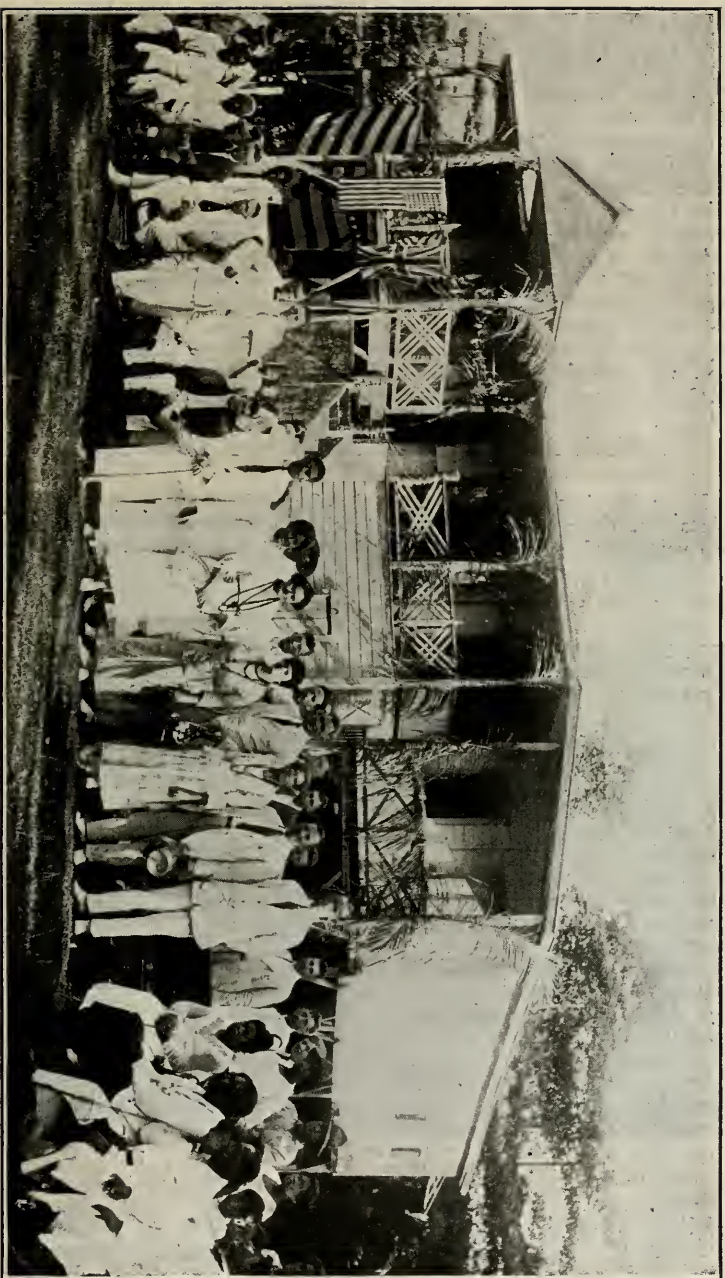


Associate Editor of the *Millennial Star*; President George Albert Smith, formerly president of the European mission; Thomas M. Wheeler, secretary of the European mission. Back row: J. Fred Pingree and Elbert R. Curtis. Elders Wells and Wheeler were here the entire time, while Elders Pingree and Curtis came some six months ago."

A Remarkable and Historical Picture and Visit

"I am enclosing a very choice photograph for use in the *Era*, one of the big mementos of the recent trip here of Elders David O. McKay and President Hugh J. Cannon. They were with us a month in Samoa, and that they left a good spirit and made a good impression wherever they went, goes without saying. Their four weeks here were of hourly inspiration to Saints, elders, and strangers as well. In generations yet to come, there will be recounted the days when an apostle first set foot on Samoa's shores, and of the wonderful manner in which both he and his companion discoursed, like those of old, who 'Spake as they were moved upon by the Holy Spirit.' The meetings with officials, and especially with the highest chiefs of the islands, were most impressive and memorable occasions, and the work will take on more prestige and influence among the Samoans from now on, as the people have seen their greatest men in friendly association with a 'Mormon' apostle. In bygone years such a visit would have provoked but slight, passing interest, but it has now taken on the full importance of one of the events of the islands, and we believe sincerely that this mission will receive a great impetus that will carry it for years, through the grand influence these two men of God left, for they repeatedly left their blessings upon the people, and such things cannot and will not fall fruitlessly to the ground unfulfilled. Samoa will soon see the dawn of a better day for the gospel.

"Beginning at the left with the Samoan who stands to the front with his hands clasped, and wearing dark goggles, we have the ex-king, Malietoa,



The Visit of Elders David O. McKey and Hugh J. Cannon in Apia

the last monarch to reign in Samoa before the islands were taken over by the great powers a score of years or more ago. He is a very dignified person and very friendly to us here. Next to him is his queenly wife, Uluiva; and by her side, the lady with the necklace and fan, is Mrs. Nelson, wife of Mr. O. F. Nelson, the leading merchant of the islands, who was in Salt Lake City a few months back, on a world tour, and was so well entertained by the returned elders from Polynesia, that he is a warm friend thereby. Then in order, in the line, come American Consul Roberts, his wife Mrs. Roberts; President Coombs, of the Tongan mission; Elder David O. McKay of the Council of Twelve Apostles; Sister Thurza Adams, wife of mission president, John Q. Adams, President Hugh J. Cannon and President John Q. Adams, of the Samoan mission. Conference Presidents Griffiths and Stott are off to the left, the British official court interpreter (a Samoan chief) is sitting to the right and a number of elders enroute to the Tongan mission are mixed with the elders of this mission. All together, it is a very remarkable and historical picture, as has been remarkable and historical this visit of Elders McKay and Cannon to these far-off Pacific shores. —*John Q. Adams, Mission President, Samoa, Apia, June 30, 1921.*


Work Accelerated by New Elders from Zion

Elder William E. Coleman of the Queensland conference, Australia, reports that the work of the Lord in that district is steadily progressing, more particularly since the arrival of new elders from Zion. Elder Neils W. Oldroyd, President, reports the conference in good condition. He is assisted in the work by Elder William E. Coleman and Gerald O. Billings.



Elder William L. Jones and James K. Harris are engaged in country work along the east coast, between Brisbane and Sydney. They report good conditions for work in that district, as the majority of the people are free from prejudice against the work of the Latter-day Saints. Elders, left to right: standing, Gerald O. Billings, James K. Harris; sitting: William E. Coleman, Neils W. Oldroyd, Conference President; William L. Jones.

MUTUAL WORK



Boy Scout Caravan to Yellowstone Park

By LeRoi C. Snow, Caravan Historian

Following the success of the trip last summer to Zion and Bryce canyons the Local Council of Salt Lake City planned a visit this year for the Boy Scouts to Yellowstone National Park. The Caravan left Salt Lake City August 6 under the leadership of Executive Oscar A. Kirkham, Field Executive D. E. Hammond and two field instructors, Dr. Charles G. Plummer and Dr. J. H. Paul. Generous entertainment was extended to the



Photo by J. E. Bush, Caravan Photographer
Assembly in Front of Old Faithful Inn.

boys all along the route at Preston, Blackfoot, Rigby and Rexburg and on the return at Victor, Sugar City, Lewiston, Brigham City and Ogden. The good people of other settlements would have done as much had it been possible to accept their kind invitations. There were nearly 300 in the entire party of whom 236 were officially registered as Boy Scouts and

Scout leaders. Most of these boys belong to M. I. A. troops. While other scout organizations were represented in mixed groups most of the boys of Troops 15, 35, 39, 47, and Troop No. 1 Midvale were in the party and traveled and remained together. There was novel naming of the groups for the most important of the Yellowstone geysers, the Castles, Sawmills, Grottos, Minute Men, Giants, Riversides and Lions, and the commissary truck was designated Old Faithful although its frequent delay on account of auto trouble rather suggested the name "Unfaithful" or "Fateful" as more appropriate. Troops 15 and 39 entertained with their minstrel organizations. Tom Green's Troop 35 has a fine band and orchestra which added much to the trip as well as pleasure to the settlements along the route. The troop traveled in two cars 18 boys in a light truck "The Yellow Pup," and 8 boys in a small delivery "The Yellow Pup's Pup." Their motto, "A mile a day or bust," came nearer being "bust" than a mile a day during some of their numerous vicissitudes. Troop 47 have their own Oldsmobile truck the body of which they built themselves. The caravan was welcomed at the Park by director Horace M. Albright who assigned as his personal representative M. P. Skinner, Park naturalist, and as guide Ranger Frank J. Parsch. Mr. Skinner gave daily talks on the history, geology, animal and bird life and geography of the Park which proved not only intensely interesting but extremely valuable. He related many experiences of his 28 years' service in the Park. It was reported that this is the largest party that has ever visited Yellowstone and that no other has gotten more out of a trip through America's greatest public playground than Salt Lake's Boy Scouts. The boys perhaps enjoyed more than anything else their close contact with wild life, feeding the bears in camp and along the highway, the buffalo, stroking the elk, seeing beaver at work, the deer and antelope and smaller animals and birds. They will never forget the wonderful action of the great geysers and the marvelous beauty of Grand Canyon, the boiling springs, the mud and paint pots, the great terraces at Mammoth Hot Springs, and Yellowstone Lake. The caravan entered the Park at West Yellowstone and from Madison Junction made the entire "Loop" around the Park. Repeating the tour to Old Faithful in the Upper Geyser Basin and to West Thumb the itinerary carried them southward out of the Park into the Tonto basin through Jackson's Hole via. Moran, Jenny Lake and Wilson and over Teton Pass where a terrific rain and electric storm was encountered keeping many of the party in the mountains all night. Five days were spent within the Park.

In the midst of it all—the great pleasure of sightseeing, camping in the open, the weariness of travel, automobile breakdowns, toiling and pushing cars up steep grades, occasional hunger, passing the night in heavy rain storm around a camp fire, sumptuous banquets spread by generous people, splendid entertainments both in and out of doors—under all these conditions the boys proved themselves real Scouts. They were cheerful, courageous and loyal. They never complained when things seemed wrong and they accepted cheers, praise and the gifts of the people gracefully and with gratitude. The morning and evening assemblies with the flag exercise and prayer were particularly impressive.

More than a thousand miles were covered, twelve days spent on the trip, nearly 300 people were fed and cared for, traveling in 19 cars, many of them large, heavy trucks. There was not a serious accident, no one seriously hurt and no serious sickness. This required exceptional organization and supervision. The entire trip was considered so successful that just before reaching home a hearty expression of appreciation was prepared and signed by the twenty leaders of the groups. The boys will ever feel grateful for this fine opportunity which was made possible through the Boy Scout movement.

PASSING EVENTS



President Moses W. Taylor of the Summit stake, was honorably released May 8, this year, on account of ill health. He has held the position for about twenty years.

One hundred and seven degrees was the record of the temperature on Main St., Salt Lake City, July 20. The mean temperature on the roof of the Boston building was 85 degrees, as compared to 84 on July 8.

Indian war veterans of Utah held their annual encampment at Richfield, July 19. About 2,000 persons were in attendance. A street parade, a ball game, a band concert and dancing were among the features of the program.

Dr. C. N. Jensen the new superintendent of public instruction in Utah, who succeeds *Dr. George Thomas*, now president of the University of Utah, entered upon his duties July 28, when he arrived from Cornell, where he has been employed as assistant professor in plant pathology.

Peru celebrated the centenary of its independence during the week of July 24-31. On July 28, 1821, General San Martin, the George Washington of Peru, declared the independence of his country from Spain. Since then Peru has progressed rapidly. Its foreign commerce in 1919 totaled \$39,000,000.

The Silesian controversy between Great Britain and France has been settled by an agreement on a boundary line in accordance with the plebiscite. This announcement was made in a dispatch from Paris, Aug. 9. The line agreed on bisects the disputed area and gives one part to Poland and one to Germany.

Utah's sugar beet crop promises to be the largest of any state except Colorado. The forecast is that Utah will produce 1,331,000 tons of sugar beets this season, as compared to 1,389,483 tons last year, this estimate being based on a beet acreage of 110,900 acres this year, as against 116,100 acres a year ago. The condition of Utah beets July 1 was 95, three points above the ten-year average. The Idaho yield this year is forecast at 467,000 tons, or more than the crop of 1920. This in face of the fact that the Idaho acreage this year is 52,700, as against 57,600 in 1920.

To Alaska through the air. C. O. Prest of Las Vegas, Nev., and his mechanic, L. M. Bach, landed at Woodward field, Salt Lake, July 20. They left Venice, Cal., Sunday and flew to Tijuana to begin the trip, so as to comply with the slogan, "From Mexico to Siberia," the words painted on the wings of the plane.

"All's well, except that it is hot up there," said Prest upon his arrival here from Las Vegas on the third lap of the 4688-mile journey.

Laurentius Dahlquist, a well-known citizen of Salt Lake City, passed away, July 25, after a brief illness, at the age of 78 years. He was a Swede

by birth and came to Utah in 1875. In the earlier days he was a wood carver and designer and furnished a large number of the designs for buildings of the Church. He filled two missions to his native land. He was for thirteen years editor and publisher of the *Utah Posten*, a Swedish periodical. He was a member of the Ninth state legislature. At the time of his death he was employed in the office of the sheriff of Salt Lake county.

Scott William Anderson, president and manager of the Utah Billposting company, died at his home, July 20, of hemorrhage of the lungs 59 years of age. Mr. Anderson together with his father and a brother, organized the Utah Billposting company about thirty years ago. Since that time the company has grown to be the largest outdoor advertisers in the intermountain country, doing business in Utah, Wyoming and Idaho. Mr. Anderson came to Utah in 1883 from England. From 1897 to 1900 he filled a mission in Tasmania.

A warless world by 1923 is the new slogan of the Christian Endeavor societies, adopted in New York, July 11, by the 16,000 delegates assembled there in convention. It is said that it will have the support of eighteen million members and former members, in all parts of the world. The slogan was originated by Dr. Francis E. Clark of Boston, the founder of the Endeavor movement. All the forces of Christianity throughout the world, Dr. Clark said, would be called upon to join the endeavor movement in order to prevent war. "We cannot wait longer for world peace," he said. "Further delay would be disastrous."

Manufacturing in Utah doubled during the ten years ending with 1919, according to a bulletin issued by the Census Bureau, July 15. The capital invested during the same period increased 120 per cent. The value of manufactured products increased from \$22,083,282 in 1909 to \$41,510,802 in 1919 the last year covered by the manufacturers' census. Capital invested in manufacturing establishments increased from \$81,000,043 to \$178,521,276. These establishments paid in wages \$8,986,851 in 1909 and \$17,196,652 in 1919, an increase of 91.4 per cent. The supplies and materials used increased from \$4,000,000 to nearly \$8,000,000.

The victory of the Greeks in Asia Minor is regarded as one of the greatest importance. King Constantine's forces, by occupying Eski Shehr and part of the Bagdad railroad, and by taking numerous prisoners, have, virtually, broken the backbone of the Turkish nationalists' opposition. The Greeks are fighting to make effective the decision embodied in the treaty of Sevres, which turned over to Greece all of Thrace, right up to the gates of Constantinople and, in addition, Smyrna and a considerable hinterland on the Asiatic continent. This treaty was not ratified by the Turks. It is thought probable now that the Greeks will endeavor to seize Constantinople.

Marcellus Simmons Woolley, former bishop of the Twenty-first ward, Salt Lake City, died July 21, at his home, 66 years of age. Bishop Woolley, the son of Edwin D. and Mary Wickisham Woolley, was born August 27, 1854, in Salt Lake, and had always resided in this city. He married Mary Ann Naylor on June 7, 1875; he was appointed in 1893, second counselor to Bishop W. L. N. Allen of the Twenty-first ward, and on February 18, 1894, he was made bishop of that ward. For many years he was a prominent realtor of Salt Lake City. He has served as a member of the board of education, as chief deputy sheriff, and as commissioner of Salt Lake county. At the time of his death he was a member of the High Council of the Ensign Stake.

The armament conference of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan, with China added on questions relating to the Pacific, will be held in Washington, D. C., beginning on Nov. 11 this year, the third anniversary of Armistice day. The formal invitation of President Harding to the governments of the countries mentioned was made public Aug. 11. The gathering has been referred to as a "disarmament conference," but that is hardly a correct designation of it. It is called for the purpose of discussing limitation of armements and the adoption of a common policy in far eastern Asia and the Pacific. Disarmament cannot be considered in the absence of a world-wide adjustment of the existing international differences on principles of perfect equity and justice.

William Jex of Spanish Fork, Utah, writes that he will be ninety years of age on September 5. He has been interested for years in the *Improvement Era*, and is still engaged increasing the number of subscribers for it, a work which he has made it a point to do for many years, and which the *Era* greatly appreciates. He says:

"This is the only way I can preach the gospel. I will be ninety years old on the 5th of September. I still feel to do all I can to labor for the salvation of souls. I have been highly favored of the Lord with a large family. My records show that members of the family have spent seventy-four years in foreign missions at a cost approximately of sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars over and above the time. I had twelve grand-sons enlisted in the late war; one was killed in France, and his body was brought home a few days ago."

Changes in Ward and Stake Officers during the month of July, 1921.—New branches and presiding elders.—Grosvont branch, Teton stake, Alma Moulton Presiding Elder, address Grovont, Wyoming. Jackson branch, Teton stake, Robert S. Dalley Presiding Elder, address Wilson, Wyoming. New bishops, etc.—Lewiston second ward, Benson stake, Joseph Borgeson succeeded Herman H. Danielson, address same. Eden ward, St. Joseph stake, Heber C. Kempton succeeded Heber Chase Kimball, address same. Parleys ward, Granite stake, John W. Shurtliff succeeded Herbert Savage, address 362 Milton Ave., Salt Lake City. Ashton ward, Yellowstone stake, H. A. Hess succeeded Hyrum R. Cunningham, address Ashton, Idaho. Milton ward, Morgan stake, Joseph F. Spendlove succeeded William Giles, address same. Cedar west ward, Parowan stake, Elias M. Corry succeeded William R. Palmer, address same.

Madame Marie Curie, who, in collaboration with her celebrated husband, Professor Pierre Curie, in 1898 discovered radium, arrived in New York, May 11, and was enthusiastically welcomed by a waiting multitude. On May 20th she was received by President Harding, who, on behalf of the women of America, presented her with a gram of radium, worth \$100,000, which will enable her to pursue her researches into the curative qualities of the precious substance. Madame Curie was born in Warsaw, Poland, on November 7, 1867. Her father, Professor Sklodowska, was an instructor in physics and chemistry in the University of Warsaw. She married in 1896 Pierre Curie, professor of general physics in the University of Paris, who some years later was struck by a wagon in Paris and killed, whereupon his widow succeeded to his professorship. Madame Curie has two children, Irene, 20 years of age, who, like her mother, has taken up scientific research, and another daughter of 15 years.

The Irish problem was discussed by Premier Lloyd George and Eamonn de Valera in a series of meetings which began July 14 in the offices of the British statesman at Downing St., London. A few days later, July 18, it was announced that Sir James Craig, the premier of Ulster, had expressed his opinion to be that northern Ireland was not directly concerned

in the questions before the conference. The status of that part of the country, he said, had been established satisfactorily to the people. But if the British government and de Valera could reach an agreement concerning southern Ireland, Ulster, Sir James said, would cooperate in any matters affecting their common interests. On Aug. 14 letters that had passed between de Valera and Lloyd George were made public. The president of the so-called Irish republic declared that Ireland could not accept the status of a dominion but demanded absolute independence. He added, however, that as an independent country Ireland would gladly make treaties with England regarding trade, limitation of armaments, lines of communication and any subject. Lloyd George replied that England would never acknowledge the right of Ireland to secede from her allegiance to the king.

John Lindsay passed away at a hospital in Salt Lake City, July 31. He has been a county commissioner since 1916. In addition to this office he had been county health commissioner for some years and second counselor in the Cottonwood stake presidency. He was born in Salt Lake county, September 29, 1872, the son of Joseph S. Lindsay and Emma Bennion Lindsay. His father was a native of Liverpool, England, but was brought to Salt Lake when he was but 10 years of age. His mother was born in Salt Lake county and still lives at the family home in Taylorsville. Samuel J. Lindsay, of Taylorsville, a brother of the late county commissioner, was appointed county commissioner August 5, to succeed his brother. He will serve for the unexpired term of his brother, until January, 1923.

Starvation in Russia adds to the woes of that country. Berlin dispatches of July 17 state that twenty million persons in the drought stricken parts of the country are subsisting on moss, grass and the bark of trees. Refugees are pouring into Moscow and Petrograd. Adding to the horrors of famine is the devastation caused by locusts which have damaged the crops in districts not affected by the drought. Part of the army has been mobilized to fight the insects in the Black Sea region. To Russian appeals for aid, the American reply, through Secretary Hoover, was that none would be considered as long as American citizens were held prisoners by the soviet government. Assurances being given that the prisoners referred to would be released Mr. Hoover, Aug. 1, cabled Walter Lyman Brown, European director of the American relief administration, London, to proceed to Riga and negotiate with Russian soviet authorities preparatory to food relief work. On Aug. 9, Pope Benedict instructed Cardinal Gasparri, secretary of state, to lay the subject of relief before the governments of the world "for their prompt and efficacious common action in the name of the love of the Divine Redeemer who gave his blood to make us all brothers."

A Scout worthy of honor.—On June 30 at Nibley, in the Hyrum stake, Don Smith, the seventeen-month old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Smith, fell into an irrigating ditch and was carried almost a block away before his apparently lifeless body was taken from the stream. The screams of the distracted mother soon gathered the neighbors to the scene of the accident, but they were helpless, thinking the child was dead.

Melvin Smith, a second class scout, working in a nearby field, heard the cries of his mother and ran to her. He glanced at the limp little form in his mother's arms, and then ran to the nearest telephone to call the doctor. Hurrying back to the baby he applied artificial respiration with all his might, for several minutes before there were any signs of life. Resolutely and determinedly he worked on, and when the doctor arrived

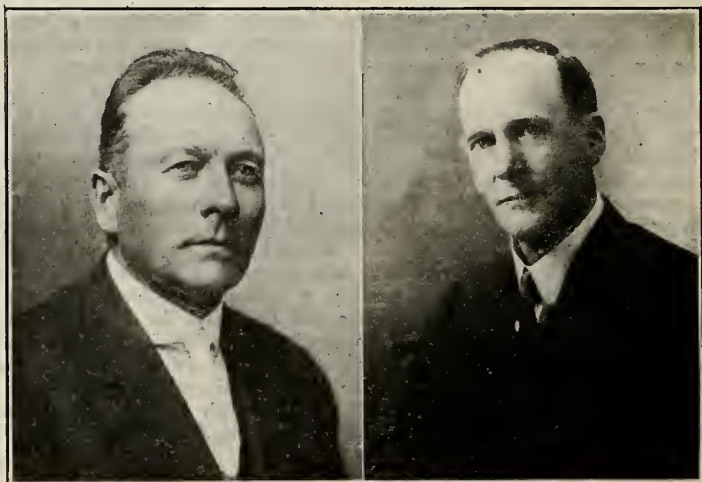
some time later the baby was breathing, and the doctor after examining the baby and seeing the tremendous strain and pressure on the little body, praised the boy's work which alone saved his little brother. There was no other law by which this boy achieved success in this operation other than by expecting it, demanding it, assuming it. He had a strong, firm self-faith in his ability to administer the principles of first aid to the drowning, which requires self-confidence, and persistent endeavor to attain it. There is a power in the universe that helps us to do things when we think we can. This scout was prepared.—*Vance D. Walker*, Dep. Scout Com.

Enrico Caruso died at Naples, Italy, Aug. 2, after a brave but unavailing struggle against the inevitable. The famous tenor singer, not long ago visited the sanctuary of "Our Lady of Pompeii," where he gave a thanks offering for his recovery. He also visited the Island of Capri. Soon afterwards it became evident that his recovery was not real. Physicians advised that he go to Rome for an operation, but he was so weak that the journey had to be interrupted at Naples. Examination by specialists showed that he was suffering from a subphrenic abscess accompanied by peritonitis. Present at the death bed were his aged mother, his wife, who is an American; his daughter, Gloria, his son, Rodolfo, and other relatives. Caruso was born in 1873 of poor parents at Milan. His mother peddled herbs in the streets of that city. Not a great deal is known of his early childhood, but it has been established that from early boyhood he sang, sometimes in the streets and in the smaller theaters about his native city. Soon he began appearing in the smaller cities of Italy. He made his debut in *L'Amico Francesco* at the Nuovo theater, Naples, in 1894; later toured Italy and Sicily and was engaged for four seasons at La Scala, Milan. Subsequently he sang in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Rome, Lisbon, Paris, London and leading cities of Germany. When he came to the Metropolitan opera house in New York on November 23, 1903, the critics did not go into ecstasies over him. One of them wrote on the opening night: "Signor Caruso (as the Duke in *Rigoletto*), has many of the tiresome Italian vocal affectations, and when he neglects to cover his tones, as he always does when he becomes strenuous, his voice becomes pallid." But he was, finally, acknowledged to be the world's greatest tenor.

Judge Le Grand Young died early July 24 in his mountain home, about 81 years of age. He was born at Nauvoo, a son of Joseph Young and Jane A. Bicknell Young, and a nephew of President Brigham Young. Starting west with the original emigrants, the family went to Winter Quarters in 1846, remaining there until 1848, moving thence across the Missouri river to the town of Centerville, near Council Bluffs, from where the journey to Utah was resumed in 1850. He arrived here in September of that year. On April 18, 1863, Mr. Young was married to Grace Hardie Young, who died March 14, 1908. For a time as a young man, Mr. Young was toll-keeper on the road between Salt Lake and Coalville through Parley's canyon. He was also a mill owner, operating sawmills in Parley's canyon. He studied law with Hoge & Johnson and was admitted to the bar before going to Ann Arbor to take a degree at the University of Michigan with the class of 1871. A law partnership formed with Parley L. Williams in 1872 was maintained until 1886, the firm being expanded in the later years of this period to take in Benjamin Sheeks. The firm, in addition to having served the first railroads of the territory, continued as counsel for the Union Pacific system up to the time of the consolidating operations instituted by the late E. H. Harriman, with which Mr. Young was more or less identified.

Mr. Young practiced law alone from 1891, when he formed a partnership with Oscar W. Moyle. For many years he was attorney for the Deseret National bank, and had long been an honored member of the State Bar association, and served as its president. After Utah was admitted to statehood, Mr. Young was elected a judge of the third judicial district. His nomination occurred during his absence from the city, his law partner, Mr. Williams, vouching for his acceptance of the nomination. He resigned at the end of six months to care for his private practice. He served two terms in the city council. He was a member of the high council of Liberty stake and senior member at the time of his death. For many years he was superintendent of the Thirty-first ward Sunday school, in which character he is fondly remembered by thousands. In 1907 he built the Emigration canyon railroad, financing the undertaking largely with funds had from the sale of the property now known as Federal Heights to the Telluride Realty company. He received the tract from the government in a trade for land in Red Butte canyon that is now back of the Fort Douglas reservation. This railroad served for ten years to bring sandstone from Emigration canyon for building purposes and to carry excursionists. In addition to his two sons, Mr. Young has four daughters, two brothers, Dr. Seymour B. Young of this city and Bicknell Young of Chicago, four sisters, Mrs. Vilate Young, Mrs. Chloe Young Benedict, Miss Henrietta Young and Miss Fannie Young, all of Seattle; a half brother, Willard L. Young, is living at Blackfoot, Idaho, and a half sister Mrs. Myra Burnham Russell, in Salt Lake City.

Alberta's New Farmer Government.—A political land slide in Canada took place at the election of July 18 when the Liberal government, headed by Premier Stewart met defeat at the polls by the organized farmers. The Liberal government, in existence since the creation of the province in 1905, was considered one of the best in the Dominion. However, this movement, which has been developing rapidly during the past two years among the farmers of Alberta, won the day, under the able leadership of H. W. Wood,



George L. Stringham
Glenwood, Canada

Laurence Peterson
Barnwell, Canada

a man with wonderful organizing ability. The new government has always been in favor of strict prohibition, and at the last convention, held at Edmondston, with 3,000 delegates assembled it went on record as favoring the abolishment of the cigaret from the province. They are opposed to the party system of government and claim that this is an age of organization. Farmers, laborers, mechanics teachers, etc., should be organized, and each of these organizations should be represented in the affairs of government proportionate to their numbers. They have also other advanced ideas and their method of handling and solving these questions will be keenly watched by the people. Ontario, two years ago, elected a Farmers' Government, which is making good. Out of the sixty-one seats in the Legislature, thirty-nine will be occupied by the farmers at the next session, giving them a good working majority. George L. Stringham, of Glenwood, and Laurence Peterson of Barnwell, two members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will sit in the next Legislature. Heretofore they only had one member of the Church, Martin Woolf, of Cardston, who was this time defeated by the farmer candidate, George L. Stringham. Laurence Peterson, born at Provo, Utah, April 12, 1873, was educated at the B. Y. University. He taught school in Utah and Idaho, moved to Canada in 1902, has taken a leading part in every laudable progress in that district, and is a forceful character, having wielded an influence for great good, both in religious and civil life. George L. Stringham was born in Holden, Millard county, Utah, May 21, 1876. He was educated also at the Brigham Young University, Provo. He was a Democratic member of the Utah Legislature, in 1905. He has been an energetic and active worker in Canada, being a vigorous advocate of irrigation, and at present chairman of the United Irrigation District, in which construction work is expected to start soon.—*E. Pingree Tanner.*

Order of Taking up the Y. M. M. I. A. Work for September

The following plan and order of taking up the Y. M. M. I. A. work in the stakes and wards is suggested by the General Board. The stake committees should place special emphasis on the work in the following order, but should commence all work at once, and continue it during the entire year:

Opening Social—Officers should plan to make this an unusually attractive evening. There are many varieties of entertainment from which to select; each ward should plan a program most pleasing and suitable to its membership.—See "Special Activities Folder" for suggestions.

Membership—Visit eligible members and prepare for the opening on October 11. Follow further plan of Membership and Organization Committee, as per *Hand Book*.

Organization—Organization should be complete in the stake and wards the year round, if there are any vacancies fill them now. See to getting faithful class leaders who will attend the Teacher-Training classes.

Manuals—See to the early obtaining of manuals, by ward officers, and a knowledge of them by leaders prior to the beginning of class work Oct. 11. Notice the lesson titles in this issue of the *Era*.

Era—The *Era* committee should begin its work of soliciting subscriptions from every family in the ward, early in September, and should also lay definite plans for special campaign to be conducted for two weeks prior to commencement of the new volume, November 1. Present subscribers should send in their subscriptions early to insure that no numbers shall be missed.

The "Era" contains not only the best stories and articles, but embraces a wealth of gospel wisdom to instruct, comfort, and inspire the Saints. I feel that it should be in the home of every Latter-day Saint, for it provides every member of the family with much splendid reading matter, and brings the family nearer to the hearth.—Wreno Bowers, Kamas, Utah.

The *Improvement Era* is indeed a most excellent help to the missionaries. It always contains a word of consolation and enlightenment for the elders, and for anyone else who reads it.—Royden E. Weight, Netherlands Mission Secretary, Rotterdam, Holland.

President Charles A. Callis, of the Southern States mission, Atlanta, Georgia, writes under date of July 28: "You are doing a great missionary work in the publication of the *Era* and the Lord is blessing you, and will continue to bless you. The *Era* is a comfort, a teacher, and a great help to the servants of the Lord."

Improvement Era, September, 1921

Two Dollars per Annum

*Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second class matter
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized on July 2, 1918*

Address Room 406 Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Heber J. Grant, }
Edward H. Anderson, } *Editors* Edward H. Anderson, *Business Mgr.*
Moroni Snow, *Assistant*

CONTENTS

Monument, "This is the Place"	Frontispiece
Pioneer View	957
Monument at Pioneer View	Prest. B. H. Roberts 959
Correct Placing of the Monument, Pioneer View. Illustrated	Elder W. W. Riter, Elder Alma Eldredge 969
By Their Fruits. A Poem	Raymond Partridge 968
Example	Elder George F. Richards 977
Help it On. A Poem	Ida L. Belnap 979
The Water Fairy	Wreno Bowers 980
Joseph H. Dobson, D. D. D.	983
Arouse Ye, My Soul. A Poem	Helen Kimball Orgill 991
Ah Ching	Elder David O. McKay 992
One Picture of Thousands	Will H. Brown 997
New Scout Home Amid the Mountains. Illustrated	N. Alvin Pedersen 999
A Morning Song	L. Lula Greene Richards 1001
Sources of Joy and Factors of Happiness. I-III	Dr. George H. Brimhall 1003
Study Courses for 1921-22	1009
Shanghai. Illustrated	H. F. Gordon 1011
Shall We Know Our Own Once More? Poem	Translated by Frank I. Kooyman 1012
Does Education Pay?	Dr. E. B. Brossard 1013
To Babyland. A Poem	Dorothy C. Retsloff 1017
A Warning Word	Elmer W. Pratt 1019
Maud Baggarley	Grace Ingles Frost 1020
Outing of Boy Scouts Troops of Mt. Pleasant. Il- lustrated	S. M. Nielsen 1022
To My Father. A Poem	James H. Moore 1024
Pilgrimage to the Temple	Archer Willey 1025
Why a Church School?	Marion L. Harris 1027
In the Heavenly Home Beyond Here. A Poem	Matilda Mathews 1028
Editors' Table—Back to First Principles	1029
Welcome Home	1031
Messages from the Missions	1032
Mutual Work	1041
Passing Events	1043

PREPARE FOR SUCCESS at the U. A. C.

You can secure thorough preparation for real, worthwhile positions at the Utah Agricultural College.

Complete training is offered young men in the following essential fields:

AGRICULTURE—Practical farmer; stock raiser; animal husbandman; poultry husbandman; dairy farmer; manager of creamery; range manager; soils expert; crops expert; crops pests inspector; teacher; orchardist; county agent; extension specialist; agricultural chemist; bacteriologist; expert in farm management; landscape gardener; botanist; entomologist; veterinarian (first two years, only).

AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERING—Agricultural engineer; draftsman; surveyor; drainage expert; irrigation engineer; rural architect; expert in rural sanitation; expert in road construction.

MECHANIC ARTS—Contractor; automobile mechanic; tractor operator; teacher; gas engine expert; cabinet maker; carpenter; iron worker; foundry man; expert machinist; draftsman.

BUSINESS—Banker; expert in marketing; advertising expert; salesman; manager of cooperative institutions; business administrator; private secretary; office manager; typist; stenographer; expert in agricultural economics; economist; expert in political science; teacher.

GENERAL SCIENCE—Teacher; artist; musician; librarian; physician (first two years, only); writer expert in chemistry, bacteriology, botany, geology, zoology, entomology, mathematics; foreign languages, English, history, political science, public speaking, physiology.

Send for "Preparing for Success," an illustrated booklet on the work of the College. Also for "The Rush to the Cities," showing the importance of the work in Education at the U. A. C. Both are free.

The Utah Agricultural College comprises the Schools of Agriculture, Home Economics, Agricultural Engineering, Mechanic Arts, Commerce and Business Administration, and General Science.

The Fall Quarter Opens
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

The Utah Agricultural College

The Home Of Efficient Education

LOGAN

UTAH

Brigham Young University

"Trains for Leadership"

Through Its

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE AND
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Offering over 400 courses among which are:

Accounting	Economics	Millinery
Advertising	Education	Music—(all branches)
Agronomy	Electricity	Oratory
Agricultural Chemistry	Evolution and Religion	Pedagogy
Animal Husbandry	English	Personal Efficiency
Art	Farm Mechanics	Physiology
Art Supervision	Farm Management	Philosophy and Religion
Art Teaching	Feeding	Play Production
Astronomy	Field Crops	Physical Education
Assaying	French	Physics
Auto Mechanics	Foods	Political Science
Bacteriology	Geology	Public Speaking
Biology	Genealogy	Radio Work
Blacksmithing	Health Supervision	Religion and Ethics
Breeding	Heredity and Eugenics	Shorthand
Botany	History	Shop Work
Business Administration	Home Economics	Soils
Cabinet Construction	Household Administration	Social Statistics
Carpentry	Household Physics	Social and Recreational Leadership
Chemistry	Irrigation	Sociology
Child Care	Iron Work	Spanish
Cookery	Instrumental Music	Stock Judging
Comparative Religions	Latin	Textiles
Dairying	Law	Theology
Debating	Mathematics	Typewriting
Dietetics	Marketing	Vocational Education
Domestic Art	Mechanic Arts	Voice Culture
Dramatic Art	Mechanical Drawing	Woodwork
Drainage	Meteorology	Zoology
Drafting		

Registration September 12

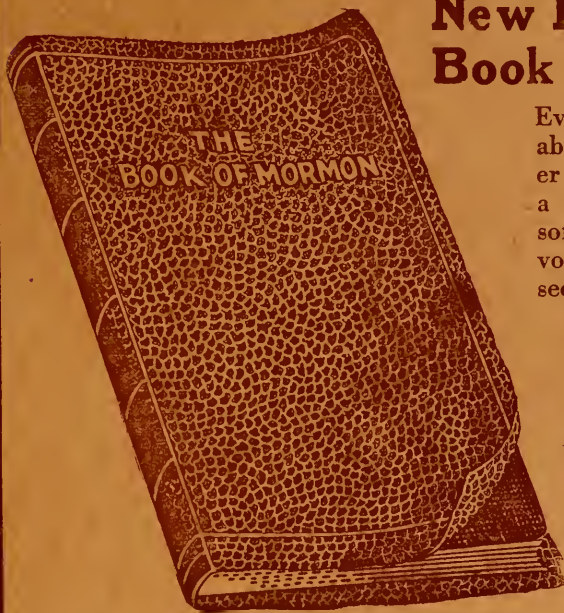
For a copy of the 1921-22 catalog and other information

Address:

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Brigham Young University

PROVO, UTAH



New Edition of Book of Mormon

Every missionary abroad and every teacher at home should have a copy of this handsome and serviceable volume. Call in and see it in handy

POCKET SIZE

Both type and page standard size. Bound in flexible leather, best India Paper.

Postpaid, \$5.00.

Deseret Book Co.
44 East South Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah

Go Forward

Business is beginning to improve. Conditions will be much better soon.

Go forward with the times. Prepare yourself for a worthwhile position. Fit yourself for a place of responsibility and trust.

Our courses of training are practical and open the way to splendid opportunities in the bank and office. Join our classes Monday and begin immediately to increase your value.

L. D. S. Business College
SALT LAKE CITY

Is Your Life Insurance Beneficial?

The very best there is in Life Insurance issued by
The Big Home Company

You need Our Insurance - - We want Your Business

Beneficial Life Insurance Co.

Heber J. Grant, Pres. **SALT LAKE** Lorenzo N. Stehl, V. Pres. & Mgr.



Above is a fac-simile of our Mountaineer Overall label.

The Mountaineer Overall has met with general approval for fit, style, service and price economy.



**FARM
IMPLEMENTS
VEHICLES
HARDWARE**

Consolidated Wagon & Machine Company

**50
STORES
IN
UTAH
AND
IDAHO**

DIRECTORS

GEO. T. ODELL	G. G. WRIGHT
W. S. McCORNICK	C. S. BURTON
JAMES H. MOYLE	THOMAS R. CUTLER
WILLIAM SPRY	JAS. L. WRATHALL
HEBER SCOWCROFT	W. W. ARMSTRONG
MALCOLM A. KEYSEB	R. P. MORRIS
DAVID A. SMITH	GRANT HAMPTON

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION THE IMPROVEMENT **ERA**